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THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

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Dryden's *Indian Emperor* at Mr. Conduitt's, 1731.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

OR

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT

WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF
H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS

BY

HENRY FIELDING

EDITED BY

JAMES T. HILLHOUSE

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TO

A. L. N. AND J. W. H.

PREFACE

THE *Tragedy of Tragedies* is interesting first of all because it is inspired with the vitality of Fielding's genius, even though that genius had not, at the age of twenty-three and four, broadened and expanded into the maturity and freedom which ten and fifteen years later produced the great novels. The little play has, however, other sources of interest; its long and interesting stage history, and its thoroughgoing burlesque of the heroic play. The business of this present study is the development of these two points. The circumstances under which Fielding wrote, the development from the slight *Tom Thumb* of 1730 into *The Tragedy of Tragedies* of 1731, the anonymous interpolation called *The Battle of the Poets,* and the stage history of the play itself and of its adaptations, occupy the first two chapters of the introduction and the appendices. The nature and the period of the plays burlesqued, and the method with which Fielding worked out a comprehensive burlesque of the heroic play are developed in the third chapter; and the conclusions here drawn are supplemented and enforced in the notes, in which Fielding's allusions and references are checked, and the correspondence between *The Tragedy of Tragedies* and the plays it assails is established as far as possible by further quotation.

Probably the most interesting point in relation to the texts is the development of the version of 1730 into that of 1731. Attempts to render this as clear as possible by superposition or by arrangement in

parallel columns were abandoned; the first because of the already complicated nature of the text of *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* and the second because of the awkwardness and bulkiness which it entailed. The *Tom Thumb* of 1730 is, however, so short that it will not be a great task for anyone who is interested to make his own comparisons. This is, so far as has been noted, the first reprint of the version of 1730. The text of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* is a literal reprint of the edition of 1731, and has been collated with a later impression of 1731, and with the third, fourth, and fifth editions. The second edition does not appear in ordinarily accessible libraries.

Incidentally, this edition may be of some interest to students of the life of Fielding. Because of its peculiar nature, *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* more than any other plays to which Fielding devoted the first ten years of his career, affords evidence in refutation of the old and commonly accepted theory that Fielding's youth was woefully misspent in an uninterrupted sowing of wild oats, and that his plays were dashed off over night on stray tobacco wrappers. In the case of this play, at any rate, such a theory cannot stand.

During the course of this work I have placed myself under great obligations to many of the members of the English staffs at Yale and the University of Minnesota, and especially to Professor George H. Nettleton, whose help from start to finish has been invaluable, and to Professor Wilbur L. Cross, who has made important suggestions concerning certain special phases.

J. T. H.

Minneapolis,
March 22, 1918.

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THE COMPOSITION OF THE PLAY

THE first decade of Henry Fielding's literary career was given over to the production of twenty-six comic plays of various sorts and conditions — regular comedies, adaptations from Molière, farces, satirical pieces, and burlesques.[1] By far the most interesting of these plays are the satires and burlesques, of which the best are *The Author's Farce* (1730), *The Tragedy of Tragedies* (1731), and *Pasquin* (1736). Of these three, *The Tragedy of Tragedies* has most successfully withstood the test of time. *Pasquin,* it is true, is still remembered for its political satire and connection with the Licensing Act of 1737, and *The Author's Farce,* with its satirical pictures of an early Georgian Grub Street, is still highly diverting; but *The Tragedy of Tragedies* possesses what the others do not—an interest quite independent of local historical fact. Allusions to Dryden, Lee, and Banks are now, of course, pale and colorless; but even the modern reader is familiar with the conception of tragedy which Fielding attacks. Indeed, the phrases 'tragic air' and 'tragedy queen' probably call up for him much the same images that they did for Fielding.

[1] Fielding's first play was *Love in Several Masques* (1728), and his last *Eurydice Hissed* (1737). Three plays produced later, *Miss Lucy in Town* (1742), *The Wedding Day* (1743), and the posthumous comedy *The Fathers* (1778), were largely early work. (See Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century,* pp. 213-223.) An unpublished play, *Deborah, or a Wife for you all,* acted but once, was produced at Drury Lane April 6, 1733. (Genest.)

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It is worthy of note that two other famous burlesques, *The Rehearsal* (1671) and *The Critic* (1779), attack the same weakness in tragedy as does *The Tragedy of Tragedies*—lofty unreality and inflated grandiloquence. Buckingham and Sheridan, however, adopted the form of the play within a play, and emphasized the characters of Bayes[1] and Sir Fretful Plagiary. This gives both plays an advantage over Fielding's burlesque in the matter of stage production; *The Tragedy of Tragedies* has no stellar rôle, and no character so interesting as Bayes or Sir Fretful. It has, on the other hand, structural unity and coherence which are impossible in the other plays. Moreover, although *The Tragedy of Tragedies* never exercised an influence in dramatic history comparable with that of *The Rehearsal,* it had a highly creditable stage history, being acted in one guise or another for more than a century. Fielding's dialogue, it may be admitted, never rises to the level of Sheridan's; but his play has qualities which have made it worthy of long-extended life. His intellectual sincerity, sharp penetration, and laughing humor, together with his vigorous, whole-souled manner of assailing sham, distinguish *The Tragedy of Tragedies* as they did the novels which came later.

The play first appeared in 1730 in two very brief acts with the title *Tom Thumb.* During the year were issued second and third editions containing additional material in dialogue and a preface. There was also interpolated an anonymous extra act, *The Battle of the Poets,* satirizing the election of Colley Cibber as

[1] Bayes was a favorite rôle of Cibber, Garrick, and Foote, all of whom produced *The Rehearsal* frequently.

laureate. The next year, 1731, it was produced in its final form, *The Tragedy of Tragedies, Or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great,* with an amplification of the old material, the addition of new, elaborate mock-critical foot-notes, and a new preface.

When Fielding came to his novels, ten years later, he had, of course, a clearly defined theory of the legitimate devices and purposes of comic writing, which he expounded in the little essays scattered throughout the narrative. It is hardly probable, however, that at the outset his mind was much troubled by theory. He was an ambitious, hard-working young dramatist, as the number of his plays and his careful revision of them prove, against the assertions of sneering contemporaries and his biographers; and he was undoubtedly on the lookout for dramatic capital. In addition to this, his natural spirit and what Austin Dobson calls his "unlimited capacity for enjoyment"[1] account very satisfactorily at this stage of his career for the writing of *Tom Thumb.* His attitude toward the object of his attack, the conventionally extravagant and unreal tragedy of the contemporary stage, is quite in character, and what one would naturally expect. To a young man of abundant vitality, high spirits, and quick wit, the fustian of Dryden, Lee, and Banks must have seemed absurd and ridiculous. His own evaluation of his early burlesque and satires, moreover, bears witness to the fact that they were written more or less in fun and with no seriously calculated purpose. In the prologue to *The Modern Husband* (1732) he proclaims these earlier ventures "unshaped monsters of a wanton brain," admits that he had "to

1 See Dobson's *Fielding,* p. 9.

rules and reason scorned the dull pretence," and declares that now—

> repenting frolic flights of youth
> Once more he flies to nature and to truth.

Fielding was living, moreover, in an age of satire. Satirical literature was pouring forth in floods. Hence the idea of writing satire was obvious, and an abundance of satirical tricks and devices was ready to the hand of the young author who wished to try them.

As a model for the most striking part of his burlesque, Fielding had *The Rehearsal,* which, although sixty years old, was still produced constantly with Colley Cibber as Bayes. The dialogue of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* is crammed with passages of close, specific parody worked out with a method which frequently suggests the earlier play.[1] Aside from this one important point, however, Fielding seems to have made little use of *The Rehearsal.* Indeed, once he rejected the form of the older piece—the play within a play[2]—much of the temptation to draw ideas from it was gone. The most effective part of Buckingham's satire is in the comments of Bayes and his companions, who are not represented in the dialogue of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* at all, but in the mock-critical preface and foot-notes.

The device of substituting a learned and pedantic editor for an author and critics who actually broke into the dialogue was made feasible by the wide cur-

[1] Arber's reprint of *The Rehearsal* contains the passages Buckingham parodied.

[2] Fielding had used this form in *The Author's Farce.* It also appears in several of his later satires.

rency of the printed play. The audience in the theatre, of course, had none of the specific hits pointed out to them, as they did in *The Rehearsal,* but any of them who wished could buy a copy for a shilling, and find out exactly the intent of the satire. The general effect as far as stage production is concerned is certainly more coherent and clear-cut, and at any rate audiences were doubtless more interested in the ridiculous action itself than in the sources of particular lines or in ironical criticism.

The use of the editor was apparently suggested by *The Dunciad.* Pope was now (1731) at the height of his power as literary arbiter, and *The Dunciad* had become common property and a model for all the scurrilous hacks who thronged in Grub Street. In *The Dunciad* Pope had made effective use of a mock-critical preface and notes to elaborate the satire of the verse. Fielding's imitation is patent in his choice of a pseudonym—H. Scriblerus Secundus.[1] He is, however, more consistent than Pope had been. The notes to *The Dunciad* do not always come from the imaginary editor, but sometimes directly from Pope without pretence; Fielding, on the other hand, maintains the pose without any lapses.

The influence of Pope is noticeable not only in the use of the device of the editor, but also in many details of the burlesque. In the preface to *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* the shorter version, the *Tom Thumb* of 1730, is referred to as a "surreptitious and piratical copy." Pope had employed the same device in connection with *The Dunciad.* In the appendix to his

[1] Pope had used the pseudonym Martinus Scriblerus. For Fielding's Scriblerus Secundus see Notes, title-page to the *Tom Thumb* of 1730.

first acknowledged edition (1729), he had referred to "the five imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, Printed at Dublin and London in Octavo and Duod.," and of the publisher he says, "Who he was is uncertain." Again in *A Letter to the Publisher* prefixed to *The Dunciad,* the writer says, "It is with Pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Edition of *The Dunciad,* which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary." In fact, the method of critical analysis employed by Fielding in his preface corresponds closely to Pope's procedure in the preface to *The Dunciad.* In several instances, too, Fielding seems to have taken a cue from Pope's essay *On the Art of Sinking in Poetry.*[1] Fielding's predilection for Pope's satirical methods was indeed so obvious that it attracted the attention of his contemporaries. In 1732 he borrowed five lines from *The Dunciad* for the prologue to *The Covent Garden Tragedy,* a fact to which *The Grub-street Journal* for August 17, 1732, calls attention, remarking incidentally, "see Temple Beau, Tom Thumb, Modern Husband. . . ."

Of equal interest with the employment of Pope's devices is the use of a nursery rime as a vehicle for burlesque. Such an idea was common at this time. In *The Battle of the Poets*[2] (1730) Theobald is satirized as having "restored the ancient reading of *Jack* the *Giant-killer,* and written a comment upon *Thomas Hickathrift.*"[3] In *The Weekly Comedy,* January 22,

[1] See Notes, preface to *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* 84. 6; *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* 82. 1; and 116. 2. Note also references in the two prefaces to "the Profund," and in Act I, Scene III, to Welsted (?), who had been satirized in *The Art of Sinking* and *The Dunciad.*

[2] See Appendix A.

[3] See Notes, the Prologue.

1708, one item in a burlesque will reads, "I'll give him Ten of the largest Folio Books in my Study. He shall have . . . *'Tom Thumb'* with *Annotations* and *Critical Remarks,* two volumes in folio," etc.[1] Such a work may not really have existed in 1708, but in 1711 one actually appeared. This was an anonymous pamphlet of twenty-four pages in octavo, entitled *A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb.*[2]

The Comment, as the author himself hints in the opening paragraphs, is a burlesque of Addison's criticism of the ballad of Chevy Chace in *The Spectator,* numbers 70 and 74, and especially of his use of the classics as a basis of judgment. For instance, in expatiating on the passage beginning, "His Father was a Plowman plain," the author says, "There is nothing more common throughout the Poets of the finest Taste, than to give an Account of the Pedigree of their Hero. So *Virgil,*

. . . Æneas quem Dardanio Anchisae
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undas.

And the Manner of the Countryman's going to consult *Merlin,* is like that of Æneas's approaching the Oracle of *Delphos.*

Egressi veneramur Apollonis Urbem.

And how naturally and poetically does he describe the Modesty of the Man, who wou'd be content, if

1 See Ashton, *Chap-Books.* Introduction, p. x.

2 Generally attributed to William Wagstaffe (1685-1725), and included in his collected works (1725). It has, however, been conjectured that *The Comment* came from the pen of Swift. (See note by E. B. Reed in *Modern Philology,* October, 1908, pp. 181 ff.)

Merlin wou'd grant him his Request, with a Son no bigger than his Thumb." The author also attacks other phases of criticism than its insistence on classic models; of the "Chronology" of the poem he says, "I have consulted Monsieur *Le Clerk,* and my Friend Dr. *B—ley*[1] concerning the Chronology of this Author, who both assure me, tho' Neither can settle the Matter exactly, that he is the most ancient of our Poets, and 'tis very probable he was a *Druid.* . . . The Author of *The Tale of a Tub* believes he was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, and held the *Metempsichosis.* . . . A certain Antiquary of my Acquaintance, who is willing to forget everything he shou'd remember, tells me, He can scarcely believe him to be Genuine, but if he was, he must have liv'd some time before the *Barons* Wars; which he proves, as he does the Establishment of Religion in this Nation, upon the Credit of an old Monument." It would be difficult not to believe that this learned utterance inspired Fielding to write his equally recondite note on the place of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* in history.[2] Indeed, the general similarity in tone and attitude between *The Comment* and many of the remarks of Scriblerus Secundus implies an acquaintance on Fielding's part with the earlier burlesque.

It is quite possible, and even probable, that many other authors furnished Fielding with hints useful in the detail of his burlesque, but his use of the three models here indicated seems certain. The close, direct parody of *The Rehearsal* could hardly fail to influence

[1] Bentley, who is also satirized in Fielding's preface and foot-notes.
[2] See Act I, Scene I, note d.

a later writer undertaking a similar task; Pope, a specialist in satire, had given him a splendid model for a burlesque preface and notes; and finally the author of *The Comment* had demonstrated the possibilities of the nursery tale, and the tale of *Tom Thumb* in particular, as a theme for burlesque treatment. Fielding's use of models, however, by no means impairs the strength of his work. The source of the life and interest of the play and of the solemn drollery of the preface and notes was beyond all question Fielding's own clearness of vision and vigorous humor.[1]

It is generally assumed that Fielding dashed off his plays posthaste, without thought of revision.[2] This could hardly have been true of *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* the composition of which must have taken considerable time and a good deal of drudgery. The citations and references with which the notes are thickly scattered are practically all correct. Some of them do not, it is true, imply much labor. The Latin quotations are nearly all common, several of them being familiar title-page mottoes; and some of the references, such as the one to Corneille in the opening scene, do not prove at all that Fielding had perused

[1] In Godden's life of Fielding (Appendix J) the assumption is made that *The Tragedy of Tragedies* carried some political significance, basis for this belief being an item in *The Daily Post* for March 29, 1742—"a Piece at first calculated to ridicule some particular Persons and Affairs in Europe (at the Time it was writ) but more especially in this Island." Since there is no apparent political significance in the dialogue of the play, as far as one can judge now, and since in none of the numerous references to the play at the time of its appearance notice is taken of political satire, it seems reasonable to assume that the item in *The Daily Post* of eleven years later is incorrect.

[2] Implied or stated definitely in most of the lives of Fielding. (See, for instance, Dobson's *Fielding,* p. 58.)

the original text.[1] On the other hand, the innumerable quotations from plays necessarily imply real work. They are so accurately quoted that they must as a rule have been taken from texts; very few give evidence of having been quoted from memory.[2] Most of the inaccuracies which do occur are of a sort easily explainable as variants in the texts Fielding used or as errors by the printer of *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* The accuracy of Fielding's citations, together with his close, careful burlesque of the characters, situations, and diction of tragedy[3] give ground for the assumption that he lavished a great deal of attention on *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

The play is, at any rate, the most successful of Fielding's dramatic ventures, and is the only one which in the passage of time has been able to retain a spark of life. In it he showed a genius for satire which is remarkable even in his case, when the age at which he was writing is considered.[4] He had begun this type of work in *The Author's Farce,* and he continued it in *The Covent Garden Tragedy, Pasquin,* and several other pieces, but in no case did he meet with the distinctive success which he attained in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* In this play, written at the opening of his career, is revealed more than anywhere else in his early work the humorous satire which,

[1] See Notes, 89. 2. Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age,* with which Fielding was doubtless familiar, contains several of his classical allusions. (See below, p. 27, foot-note 1.)

[2] The most interesting error in this connection occurs in Act II, Scene IX, where Fielding ascribes to Otway's *Don Carlos* a passage from Gay's burlesque, *What D'Ye Call It.*

[3] See discussion in Chapter III.

[4] He was twenty-three when *The Tragedy of Tragedies* was produced.

developed to its full power, was to break forth later in *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones.*[1]

[1] W. E. Henley, in his audacious life of Fielding, says in this connection: "Mr. Dobson has said all there is to say about his five and twenty essays in play-writing, and, in denoting *Pasquin* and *The Author's Farce,* and the Burlesques for special commendation, has left me and the others nothing particular to say. For the Burlesques, they are, as I think, unapproachable. In a sense they are echoes; but they are echoes so vocal and so plangent, so wanton and so vigorous, as altogether to drown the Voices that set them calling." He adds, in a foot-note on the Burlesques: "One, The Covent Garden Tragedy (1732), a travesty of Ambrose Phillips and Racine, is altogether too naughty and too riotous to be included in any list of Masterpieces of the English Drama. . . . Yet a masterpiece it is. . . . The other, Tom Thumb the Great, though something more pedantic, is even better fun." (See Fielding's Works, Henley Ed., vol. XVI, Introduction, p. xxiv.)

PRODUCTION AND COMMENT

THE tragedy of *Tom Thumb* first appeared late in April, 1730, seemingly without any "Puffs-Preliminary." The first performance was evidently on Friday, April 24; *The Daily Post* for April 23 advertises its appearance at the Haymarket on the next day, and the first edition of the play itself has, immediately following the title-page, a publisher's advertisement of *The Author's Farce* bearing the date April 24, 1730. *The Grub-street Journal* for April 30, 1730, also contains the item, reprinted from *The Daily Post*,—"On saturday last his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was at the new Theatre in the Haymarket to see the Author's farce and the Tragedy of Tom Thumb, which, we hear, was acted with very great applause." The publication of the play is announced in *The Monthly Chronicle* for April, where it appears in the list of new books of the month.

The Grub-street Journal took the earliest possible opportunity to pay its respects to the new entertainment, inaugurating a series of comments, nearly always caustic, on Fielding's dramatic productions. It was the custom of *The Journal* to reprint news items from the other papers, and to add more or less pungent comments in italics. To the item quoted above from *The Daily Post* is subjoined the following—"*My little Grandson says, he will make another Tragedy of* Jack the Giant-Killer; *and, indeed, I will be so bold to say* (*though he is my Grandson*) *that no Boy of 8 years old has a finer Genius. I do not doubt but it will*

be received with great applause.'' In the next issue, that of May 7, appears another ironic comment on the new play, attached this time to an item from *The Post Boy*—''Yesterday Mr. Odell, Master of the new Play-house in Goodman's-fields, waited on his Majesty at Court, begging his Majesty's royal leave for continuing plays to be acted as usual; but we hear his Majesty was not pleased to grant his request. *Post Boy.*''

''*This is a very great disappointment to some Gentlemen of our Society, who have written for this Theatre; where their Pieces met with so good a reception, that they hoped the taste of this part of the Town would have been rendered so elegant, as soon to relish the polite entertainments of the* Author's Farce and Puppet Show, and the Tragedy of Tom Thumb, *now performed at the Theatre in the Haymarket, as several News Writers inform us, before a numerous audience of Quality, with universal applause.*'' The tone of these notices is easily comprehensible when it is remembered that *The Grub-street Journal* was an instrument created by Pope for the prosecution of the literary war which he had undertaken in *The Dunciad.* In it he and his friends held up to ridicule not only their old enemies but also new and unwelcome authors who loomed up on the literary horizon.[1]

In the issue of May 28 appears a comment on farce in general which perhaps takes some of the personal sting out of the earlier notices. In answer to a long

[1] See Lounsbury, *The First Editors of Shakespeare,* pp. 384 ff. The victims of *The Dunciad* and many new authors were elected to a fictitious society always referred to in *The Journal* as ''our Society.'' This society was represented as holding meetings in which the members made themselves ridiculous, and which cast reflections on anyone who lacked Pope's favor.

letter censuring the paper for reviewing a farce acted at Goodman's Fields, the editor says that he has been ordered "to let the writer know . . . that he goes a little too far in censuring us for *condescending to make our remarks upon a Farce.* For can those subjects be too low for our notice which are become the entertainments of the highest audience? Are any of our Theatres supported by any dramatic pieces, but *Farces*?" This was followed two weeks later, June 11, by a squib which is interesting not only for its ironic criticism but also for its corroboration of Fielding's statement[1] in the preface to *The Tragedy of Tragedies* concerning the popularity of *Tom Thumb* —"The Comical Tragedy of Tom Thumb having had so great a run (this being the 33d day) he raised the envy of some unsuccessful Poet against the Author, and occasioned the following Parody,

Act I. Sc. I pag. 1,[2]

Dood.

When Good^{y} $\frac{\text{Thumb first}}{\text{man F–g}}$ brought this *Thomas* forth
The *Genius* of $\frac{\text{our Land}}{\text{the Bard}}$ triumphant reign'd:
Then, then, O $\frac{\text{Arthur}}{F—g}$ did thy genius reign.

Nood.

They tell me it is whisper'd $\frac{\text{in}}{\text{from}}$ the $\frac{\text{books}}{\text{mouths}}$

[1] "a run of upwards of Forty Nights, to the politest Audiences."
[2] An error—page 3.

Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero, / Piece,
By *Merlin's* art / On Folly's self begot, has not a bone / joke
Within his skin, / its leaves, but is a lump of gristle. / non-sence.

Dood.

Would Arthur's subjects were such gristle / nonsence all;
If F——s pieces prove
He then might / will break the bones / hearts of ev'ry foe.

'This being apprehended, by the greater part of the Members present, to be design'd as a Satire upon the Author, for whom they have a great value; they were against the inserting of it in our Journal. But I observed to them, that let it be design'd as it would, it was in reality a Panegyric; which the 2 last lines evidently shewed. And that even the 2 preceding lines, which seemed to carry in them the greatest reflection, had really none upon this performance, but upon the plays which were ridiculed by it. The Collection of those Plays is *Folly's self,* upon which our Author *begot* this *mighty Piece*; which, being more like its mother, than Father, is consequently *a heap of Nonsense.* Mr. Curioso was wonderfully taken with the art of *whispering in books* which it seems was known to the *Sages* in K. Arthur's days; an art as ingenius as that of painting a sound. Bavius.''

No further reference to the play is made in *The Journal* until December 17, 1730, when it is mentioned in *An Epigram on the late Mrs. Oldfield*—

Since Farce, and tongueless *Pantomimes* can charm,
And *Dollalolls* each Coxcomb's bosom warm;
Since trifling *Sing-song* can the Fair engage;
'Twas time for Oldfield, glory of the Stage,
To fly, indignant, this dull, thankless age.
Oldfield, whose ev'ry action had a tongue;
Graceful her air, her speech melodious song!
But, thank our stars, she's gone; and Booth[1] is dumb:
So shall my *Brethren* live, and eke *Tom Thumb*.
Philo-Grub.

The citation of *Tom Thumb* as an instance of the type of play popular with playgoers, and the casual reference to one of its characters, Dollalolla, would seem to furnish evidence of its continued success upon the boards.

The only other references to the two-act *Tom Thumb* which have been noted occur in *The Candidates for the Bays*.[2] This poem, published in December, 1730, is a part of the rather bulky literature on the choice of a laureate to succeed Eusden, who had died in September, 1730. In maligning the current dramatic taste of the town, the author says—

Tom Thumb and such stuff alone tickle this Age,
Church Canons are few to the Rules of the *Stage*;
For in suiting the Plot to the Players good Grace,
They banish the *Sense* for Time, Action, and Place.

[1] See *The Grub-street Journal*, June 10, 1731—"Mr. Booth, the Tragedian, who has been a long time ill, is so well recovered that on sunday last he went to Hampstead for the air; so that there are great hopes of his appearing again on the stage." (Quoted from *The Post Boy*.)

[2] See Appendix A.

And a little farther on—

> While *H——y* of *Bantam,* and *Doodle*'s respected,
> *Othello* and *Hamlet* are wholly neglected.

Foot-notes to this passage refer the reader to *The Author's Farce* and *Tom Thumb* for the characters mentioned. Then in an assault on Fielding are the lines—

> He'll shew both himself and Assistants[1] are no wits
> By valiant *T— T——* and his *Battle of Poets.*[2]

The most interesting fact which these references attest is that the play was well received by the town in spite of the sneers of the critics; that in fact it enjoyed a run of at least thirty-three nights in the spring season of 1730, and that it maintained its popularity during the winter season of 1730-1731.

At any rate, the adverse opinion expressed by *The Grub-street Journal* and by Cooke did not deter Fielding from accepting the plaudits of the town at their face value. Encouraged by the success of the piece both upon the stage and with the booksellers—there had been three bona-fide editions[3] of 1730—he undertook the task of rewriting it and issuing it in a more complete and detailed form. He had already in 1730 made some additions to the dialogue, but in the new version he reconstructed the entire play, adding masses of new material which had not even been hinted at in the earlier piece, and which increased enormously the force of the satire.

The approaching production of the play in its new form is announced in *The Grub-street Journal* for

[1] A foot-note informs the reader that Fielding was "said to be assisted by several Hands in his Dramatick Performances."

[2] See Appendix A.

[3] Not including a Dublin edition.

February 18, 1731, in an item reprinted from *The London Evening Post,* reading, "We hear the Town will be entertained this season at the New Theatre in the Haymarket, with . . . the *Tragical History of Tom Thumb,* in 3 Acts (as it was originally written in the times of Q. Elizabeth) altered and adapted to the stage by Mr. Scriblerus Secundus, with a new Farce, called, *A New Way to keep a Wife at home,*[1] written by the same Author." The play was produced on March 24. A playbill in *The Daily Post* for March 23 announces that *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* "never acted before, will be presented tomorrow, being Wednesday the 24th Day of March," at "the New Theatre in the Haymarket"; and the publication is advertised in *The Universal Spectator and Weekly Journal,* March 20—"On Wednesday next will be published, The Tragedy of Tragedies, or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great. As it will be then acted at the Theatre in the Haymarket. With the Annotations of Scriblerus Secundus."

The hostility of *The Grub-street Journal* did not abate upon the appearance of the new version. The issue of April 15 contains a long letter describing a recently published print representing the latest theatrical whims and fashions. An extract reads—"On the right hand, over the Cornish, is a little Genius, holding and Extolling, as the Anotator [*sic*] informs us, the great dramatick piece of *Tom Thumb*; and on the other side, another Genius holds and extolls that most excellent hurly-burly rhapsody of *Hurlothrumbo.*[2] These two pieces are certainly worthy our applause,

[1] An alternative name; better known as *The Letter Writers.* Advertised to be acted and published at the same time as *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

[2] See Notes, preface to the *Tom Thumb* of 1730, 49. 5.

for their most singular tastes." Another amusing reference occurs in the issue of May 27 in a letter ironically commending a new dramatic satire, *The Contrast,* the author of which is quoted as saying that "by G—— he hates all Ghosts from the bloody Ghosts in Richard the 3d, to that in Tom Thumb." In the issue of November 18 is a more serious criticism in a poem called *The Modern Poets . . . By a young Gentleman of Cambridge.* After censure of Cibber, somewhat tempered with praise of *The Provoked Husband,* the young Gentleman of Cambridge goes on to say—

That he's incomparable, yet must we own,
Because he chanc'd to please the fickle Town?
Then fidling J——[1] might some merit claim,
And *Huncamunca* rival him in vain.
'Tis not enough, to gain a wild applause,
When crouded Theatres espouse your cause.
'Tis not enough, to make an audience smile;
But write a strong, correct, yet easy stile.
No balmy slumbers shou'd describe a fear;
Nor dull descriptions load the wearied ear.
But aim to soar in Shakespear's lofty strain;
Or nature draw in Johnson's merry vein.
To F—— names unknown—to him have come
The fame of *Hickathrift,* and brave *Tom Thumb*;
The brave *Tom Thumb* does all his thoughts engage:
See! with what noble port, what tragic rage,
His Lilliputian Hero treads the stage.

Evidently the town and the critics were still in disagreement, and *The Tragedy of Tragedies* was still drawing audiences.

1 Samuel Johnson of Cheshire, author of *Hurlothrumbo,* in which he took the part of Lord Flame, and played the fiddle.

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The comments in *The Grub-street Journal* make it evident that the critics gave Fielding a cool reception into literary society. This was, however, to be expected. *The Journal* was generally hostile to budding authors, and was, moreover, engaged in warfare against all forms of theatrical entertainment except regular comedy and tragedy. Hence all farces and burlesques, including *The Author's Farce, Tom Thumb, Pasquin,* etc., together with Italian opera, French dancing, and pantomime were either held up to ridicule or dismissed in righteous indignation as catering to a depraved public taste. It is highly improbable that Fielding was much disturbed by this disapproval. His own references to *The Grub-street Journal* and to Pope fail to betray wounded feelings or a tendency to take the attacks seriously.[1] No doubt the loud applause of the people flocking to fill the

[1] Fielding refers to *The Grub-street Journal* in two of his later plays. In *The Letter Writers,* Act I, Scene IX, Softly says, "I will divert the time with one of these newspapers: ay, here's the Grub Street Journal—An exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it." And in *The Covent Garden Tragedy,* Act I, Scene I, Mother Punchbowl says,—

> For thou hast learnt to read, hast playbills read,
> The Grub Street Journal thou hast known to write,
> Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damned?

In neither case does he show wounded feelings, although the second reference is not, to be sure, laudatory. In his most interesting remarks on Pope, written two decades later (*The Covent Garden Journal,* March 21, 1752), he analyzes Pope's weaknesses, but concludes, "We must allow that King Alexander had great Merit as a Writer, and his Title to the Kingdom of Wit was better founded at least than his enemies have pretended." In his preface to his sister's novel, *David Simple,* he makes seriously and with dignity a direct explanation of his attitude toward criticism. As he grew older the shafts of the critics apparently struck deeper; the ugly attacks on *Amelia* were a great source of worry to him. (See *Covent Garden Journal,* Jensen ed., Introduction, p. 30.)

benches at the hitherto despised Haymarket[1] drowned out the croakings of the critics.

As far as has been noted, the only contemporary references to the play aside from these controversial comments are in later works of Fielding himself, and in the memoirs of Mrs. Pilkington.[2] This lady tells a well-known anecdote which Austin Dobson calls "the crowning glory of the play."[3] In *The Letter Writers* (Act I, Scene IV) Fielding himself takes occasion to puff *The Tragedy of Tragedies* in the following bit of dialogue—

Rakel.—Not I, I go to no tragedy—but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Commons.—The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rakel.—Why, sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh.

He mentions *Tom Thumb* again in the passage already quoted[4] from the prologue to *The Modern Husband,* in which he apologizes for the irregular nature of his early plays, and speaks of the killing of the ghost; and finally, a third time, in *The Champion,* November 27, 1739. Here he mentions 'the author of *Tom Thumb,*' and appends in a foot-note, "An author who dealt so much in ghosts that he is said to have spoiled the Haymarket stage, by cutting it all into trap-doors." The most significant point about these references is that three of the four are concerned with the ghost. Evi-

1 See Notes, *Tom Thumb* of 1730, title-page, n. 1.

2 See Notes, *Tom Thumb* of 1730, 73. 1.

3 See Dobson's *Fielding,* p. 21.

4 See Chapter I, p. 3. The lines about *Tom Thumb* are as follows—

He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then—killed a ghost!

dently the ghost scenes had been especially popular; Fielding certainly takes an obvious pleasure in recurring to them.

The contemporary references furnish practically no clues to the nature of the stage production of the play. The rough quality of the usual Haymarket production, however, would lead one to the conclusion that *The Tragedy of Tragedies* was acted with all the horseplay for which such a burlesque offers so many opportunities. This inference is supported by the allotment of parts in some of the casts. For instance, in the cast advertised in *The Country Journal,* April 29, 1732, for a performance at Drury Lane on May 3, the part of Princess Huncamunca is given to Harper, a comedian whose name is connected in Drury Lane bills of the same year with the part of Falstaff. As to the specific detail of stage business, however, there seems to be no definite record.

Bills of the play are infrequent and, moreover, indefinite, since often they merely announce *Tom Thumb,* and fail to distinguish between the original *Tragedy of Tragedies* and Mrs. Haywood's adaptation, *The Opera of Operas.*[1] The occasional bills, however, indicate that the play was acted at the London theatres until at least 1755,[2] and during one season at any rate (1753-1754) at the New Theatre in Nassau Street in New York.[3] In its original form of 1730, the play was so short that it was useful only as an after-

[1] See Appendix B.

[2] The last performance noted was at the Haymarket, September 4, 1755.

[3] See Seilhamer, *History of the American Theatre,* I, pp. 46, 61. Seilhamer also records performances by British soldiers in New York in 1777, and gives playbills of "Tom Thumb" in Philadelphia, 1794-5, in which names of characters indicate *The Tragedy of Tragedies* rather than O'Hara's adaptation (III, 184).

piece. *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* however, although much shorter than a regular comedy, was long enough to be given on occasion as the main offering of an evening. Yet it was still used chiefly as an afterpiece, generally in connection with a comedy, but sometimes after a tragedy, and in one instance to conclude a vaudeville consisting principally of acrobatics and rope-walking. The brevity of the play and its consequent use as an afterpiece may account in a measure for the scarcity of bills, since the name of the afterpiece was frequently omitted from advertisements. Genest, in speaking of the comedian Hippesley, says (IV, 253), "His son acted Tom Thumb in 1740," and a writer calling himself "True Briton" declares in a letter to *The Grub-street Journal,* March 13, 1735, apropos of the director of a French company at Lincoln's Inn Fields, "His example . . . I flattered myself, would have influenced the directors of our Theatres to bring on our best plays, and to banish all buffoonery, harlequinades, and all our new-fangled medleys, without even giving quarter to the celebrated *Beggars Opera* or the numerous performances of the exuberant author of the *Tragedy of Tragedies.*" Such hints as these may perhaps be taken as proof of a popularity which the small number of bills would not indicate. It seems safe to assume that the play, either in its original form as *The Tragedy of Tragedies* or in Mrs. Haywood's musical setting, was retained in the repertoire of the theatres for about twenty-five years, and was then lost sight of until 1780, when Kane O'Hara produced the second adaptation, *Tom Thumb, A Burletta,*[1] which kept the stage until well into the nineteenth century.

[1] See Appendix B.

THE BURLESQUE

THE plays which Fielding burlesqued directly in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* number at least forty-two.[1] Of these he noticed twenty-eight only slightly, reserving the brunt of his attack for fourteen. The dates of the plays reveal the rather surprising fact that thirty of them, including ten of the more important fourteen, belong to the late seventeenth century, and only twelve to the eighteenth. Thus the dates lead one to the conclusion that Fielding was attacking chiefly the tragedy of the age of Dryden; an examination of the plays themselves leads to the still more definite conclusion that he was attacking heroic tragedy. *The Tragedy of Tragedies* is in fact a burlesque of heroic tragedy, which may be taken to include not merely the few rimed plays produced by Dryden, Lee, and others, between 1664 and 1678, but also plays which display those particular characteristics of plot, character, sentiment, and diction which marked the original rimed heroic plays and persisted long after rime had fallen into disuse as a vehicle for dialogue.[2] During the period of the Restoration and the early eighteenth century there were produced, it is true, other types of tragedy than the heroic, but Fielding paid them scant attention in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* Such universally known plays as Otway's *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* and Nicholas Rowe's Elizabethan tragedies

[1] Not taking into account a reference to one of Fielding's own plays, *The Coffee House Politician,* and a few familiar lines from Shakespeare.

[2] See Chase, *The English Heroic Play,* pp. 4-5.

he does not mention at all, and the few classic plays in the list, including such highly successful pieces as Addison's *Cato* and Fenton's *Mariamne,*[1] are cited only once or twice. The fourteen plays which furnish the bulk of the material for parody are, with one exception, Dennis's *Liberty Asserted,* distinctly heroic in character.

As one might expect in a heroic burlesque, Dryden receives the lion's share of attention. He is represented in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* altogether by twelve plays—three tragedies in rime and five in blank verse, two tragicomedies, and two operas. The four latter, *The Rival Ladies, Love Triumphant, The State of Innocence,* and *King Arthur,* and three of the eight tragedies, *The Conquest of Mexico,* and *Oedipus* and *The Duke of Guise,* in both of which Lee collaborated, are of slight importance in this connection. They are drawn upon occasionally for ridiculous situations such as, in Fielding's last foot-note, "the chain of lovers linked in death" in *The Rival Ladies,* or for flat insipid passages like those found in the lines of Emmeline, the blind heroine of *King Arthur,* quoted in the foot-notes to the first scene. The titles of the other five tragedies, however, occur again and again in Fielding's comments—*The Conquest of Granada, Aureng-Zebe, All for Love, Don Sebastian,* and *Cleomenes.* These five are all strongly heroic. *The Conquest of Granada* is, of course, the heroic play *par excellence,*[2] and, in spite of the fact that it had been the particular butt of *The Rehearsal* sixty years before he was writing, Fielding did not hesitate to use it more freely

[1] See Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century,* pp. 181-182, 216.

[2] See *Cambridge History,* VIII, 27.

than he did any other. *Aureng-Zebe,* Dryden's last rimed play, is only less heroic than *The Conquest of Granada,* and *All for Love* is heroic in every point except rime. In *Don Sebastian* and *Cleomenes,* Dryden's last tragedies, the heroic influence is less marked, but even in these plays the sentiments of the characters and their diction recall the playwright's earlier method.

Nathaniel Lee and John Banks are, after Dryden, the dramatists most frequently attacked. Six tragedies by Lee, aside from *Oedipus* and *The Duke of Guise,* are quoted or referred to in the preface and notes. Three of these, *Nero, Sophonisba,* and *Gloriana,* are early rimed plays, while the other three, *Mithridates, Caesar Borgia,* and *Lucius Junius Brutus,* belong to the period just after rime had been abandoned. *The Rival Queens,* Lee's most famous play, and one of the most popular of the heroic tragedies, is parodied once,[1] but is not referred to in the notes. In all these plays heroic conceptions are carried to an extreme. Of the seven, however, the only one quoted frequently is *Gloriana,* from which several passages are parodied, all of them marked by some characteristically heroic trait. All four of Banks's tragedies which Fielding uses, *The Earl of Essex, The Island Queens, Anna Bullen,* and *Cyrus the Great,* are quoted continually, and all are fully as extravagant in their heroic qualities as are the plays of Lee. Fielding's remark in his preface, that "*The Earl of Essex* is a little garden of choice rarities," is as true of all four as it is of one. In searching for a garden from which to pluck heroic flowers grown for a writer of

[1] See Notes, 110. 1.

burlesque, Fielding could hope for little that would surpass the "choice rarities" of John Banks.

Of the forty-two plays then, Dryden, Lee, and Banks furnished twenty-three, including ten of the more important fourteen. Of the other nineteen, five belong to the seventeenth century. One is Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*[1] (1640), a late Elizabethan tragedy of blood, and the only play in the list written before 1664. Its connection with *The Tragedy of Tragedies* consists in the quotation from it of a single line. Otway is represented by two plays, *Don Carlos,* a typical rimed tragedy, and *Caius Marius,* which consists merely of the love scenes from *Romeo and Juliet* in a setting of Roman civil war. The other two are *Noah's Flood,* an obscure and insipid opera by Edward Ecclestone, and Charles Hopkins's *Female Warrior,* which is heroic even to the point of rime. None of these pieces receives more than passing attention in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* Among the eighteenth century plays are Nahum Tate's *Injur'd Love,* an adaptation of Webster's *White Devil,* and thoroughly Elizabethan in its treatment, Nicholas Rowe's *Tamerlane,* a nondescript dramatic satire on French and English politics, containing in Bajazet[2] a character typically heroic in his extravagance, and seven more or less conventional classical tragedies, including Addison's *Cato, The Victim,* and *Medea* by Charles Johnson, the "play-a-year Johnson" of *The Dunciad,* Fenton's *Mariamne,* Gay's *The Captives,* Mallet's *Eurydice,* and Benjamin

[1] Better known as *The Tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy.* Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age* contains an examen of *The Bloody Brother,* and the one line from *The Bloody Brother* which Fielding cites is quoted therein. (See above, p. 10, foot-note 1.)

[2] Bajazet represented Louis XIV, and Tamerlane William III.

Martyn's *Timoleon.*[1] The connection between these pieces and Fielding's burlesque is in every case of the slightest. Four of the eighteenth century plays are definitely heroic. Theobald's *Persian Princess* and Young's *Busiris* and *The Revenge* are indeed so true to the type that they may be considered reversions to the style of the preceding generation, and Thomson's *Sophonisba,* while in some respects it follows classic models, retains enough of the essential quality of Lee's *Sophonisba,* with which its connection is much closer than that of mere name,[2] to give it a distinct heroic tinge. All four of these plays contribute very freely to Fielding's burlesque.[3] John Dennis, whose critical work Fielding satirizes continually in the notes, is also attacked several times through his tragedy, *Liberty Asserted,* a patriotic production written to stir up feeling against the French. It is chiefly because of this intent that the play is ridiculed here.

It is worthy of note that the old plays which Fielding attacked most frequently had had prosperous careers on the stage. Occasionally successful plays like *The Indian Emperor* or *The Rival Queens* are noticed only once or twice, but most of the heroic plays, *Nero* and *Brutus* for instance, which are passed over lightly, had originally been failures. Citation from them and from the classical tragedies is for the most part merely in the form of single lines or phrases which happened to fall in pat with one of Fielding's

[1] Fielding does not mention *Timoleon* in his notes, but he parodies it unmistakably. (See Notes, 113. 1.)

[2] As Fielding notes in the preface, Thomson's *Sophonisba* resembles in its general treatment Corneille's *Sophonisba* rather than Lee's, but Thomson's phraseology reveals his acquaintance with Lee's play. For one case in point, see Notes, p. 26, n. 3.

[3] Exception may be made of *The Revenge.*

notes. The references to plays by contemporary authors were in most cases probably due to interest in the author, Dennis, for instance, or to the newness of the play itself, as in the case of Thomson's *Sophonisba* or Martyn's *Timoleon.*

The reasons why Fielding, writing a burlesque of tragedy in 1731, when the great majority of serious dramatists were writing classical tragedies, should have chosen as the object of his attack the heroic play are not far to seek. In the first place, the heroic play, although it had gone out of style among the dramatists, had by no means lost favor in the eyes of theatre-goers. The dramatic poetasters were flooding the press and the stage with pompous, rhetorical plays in the style of *Cato* and *The Distrest Mother,* but the people were still going to see such old heroic war-horses as *The Indian Emperor* and *The Rival Queens.*[1] Thus the heroic conception of tragedy was still current, either in the continual revival of old plays, or in the sporadic production of new ones, such as *Busiris* and *The Revenge. The Rehearsal* had by no means killed the heroic idea. Moreover, the heroic style with its mad, unrestrained bombast and its wild sentiments of love, jealousy, and honor could be more effectively burlesqued than the inflated, but cold and dreary moralizing of the classic tragedy. The heroic drama was especially vulnerable to the bludgeon of

[1] Playbills in the newspapers together with Genest's records show that most of the plays by Dryden, Lee, and Banks, which Fielding cites frequently were still being produced. Interesting evidence of the continued popularity of the more successful heroic plays of the Restoration is to be found in Hogarth's picture of a performance of "Dryden's *Indian Emperor* at Mr. Conduitt's, 1731," and in the production at Covent Garden as late as 1765 of a travesty called *The Rival Queens, or The Death of Alexander the Little.*

burlesque, and it was constantly produced in the theatres of the period; these facts explain the heroic burlesque in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

An analysis of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* shows that its method of burlesque goes much deeper than mere parody of passages from plays with a heroic bias. Parody of lines from the plays just enumerated is, to be sure, the most obvious part of the burlesque; and a cursory glance at Fielding's foot-notes reveals the extent to which he employed it. But there is, in addition to the parody, methodical burlesque of the heroic plot, situation, character, sentiment, and diction. Rimed dialogue, the most characteristic mark of the original heroic play, is not, strictly speaking, burlesqued in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* Since the appearance of *All for Love* in 1678 it had been discarded, except in a few instances like *Love Triumphant* (1694) and *The Female Warrior* (1700), in which much of the dialogue is in couplets. The old custom of ending long speeches and scenes with couplets still prevailed, however, and many dramatists, especially those with classical sympathies, were fond of ending scenes or acts with long Homeric similes in rime. Accordingly, in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* Fielding ended many speeches with couplets, and strewed his dialogue thickly with elaborate rimed similes. Occasionally too, where the passion is particularly heroic and intense, the dialogue is raised, so to speak, into couplets; but it can hardly be said that there is any attempt to burlesque the original heroic rimed dialogue. Mimicry of other heroic qualities is, on the other hand, consistent and thorough in detail.

The typical heroic plot consists of an action in which love as the main motive conflicts with honor or

jealousy, and which is worked out against a background of war.[1] In *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* as Fielding remarks in the preface, "The Spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca." The usual complication is introduced by Grizzle, who has a passion for the heroine, and by Glumdalca, who is in love with the hero. And then, to increase the confusion, the King and Queen are made to fall in love with Glumdalca and Tom Thumb respectively. The complicating effects of honor and jealousy in such a ridiculous web of love motives is obvious. The Queen's honor is involved through her infidelity to the King, and Huncamunca's through her division of affection between her two suitors. As for jealousy, everyone in the play appears to be jealous of everyone else, and the intrigues of the villains, who may be said to include all the main characters except the hero and heroine, entangle the action beyond hope of any but the most violent solution. Throughout the play, moreover, war is kept close at hand, quite in the heroic manner. At the opening of Act I Tom Thumb is just returning from glorious foreign conquests and is received by the royal court as a conquering hero. In Act II Grizzle, balked in his designs to secure the hand of the heroine, threatens a general destruction, which duly takes place in Act III after a civil war.

No doubt *The Tragedy of Tragedies* owed much of its success to the frequent violence of its action. In the second scene of Act II a bailiff who is insolent to Tom Thumb is killed offhand and his soul sent to Hell with a message. In the third act there is introduced "a bloody engagement between the two Armies, Drums beating, Trumpets blowing, Thunder and Lightning,"

[1] See Chase, *The English Heroic Play,* Chapter II.

and at the end all the characters fall into line and slaughter one another. In the *Tom Thumb* of 1730 the fatalities had included the Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, killed by Grizzle, but in the final version this amusing bit of action was omitted. Since the days of Elizabeth the English had taken vast delight in violent death and the uproar of stage battles. In fact, Fielding's ending might have been suggested by the series of deaths catalogued by the Ghost at the close of *The Spanish Tragedy.* In the tragedy of the heroic type a large proportion of the *Dramatis Personae* died on stage[1]; in *Cleomenes,* which Fielding mentions in his last foot-note as having an especially "charming and bloody catastrophe," Dryden puts to death five characters within the narrow limits of three pages. As for stage battles, they were innumerable; in the heroic plays armies are always marching and countermarching, and the drums and trumpets are seldom quiet for long. The gusto with which stage directions for battles were put into practice may be judged from Addison's comment in number 42 of *The Spectator*— "I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas, which is sometimes so great that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing Cross."

The characters of the heroic play are so easily reduced to formulas that Fielding had little trouble in collecting a sort of heroic family album. From the first the intention of the playwrights had been, not to represent real life, but to construct models embodying heroic ideas of love, honor, jealousy, and so forth.

[1] The hero and heroine, however, frequently survived, and furnished a happy ending.

These models were constructed in the first place by Dryden, and the playwrights who followed him made only slight attempts to develop new types of character. It was this standardization, combined with narrow range—heroic characters were always of royal or very noble birth,—that made possible a series of caricatures as precise as those of *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* The exactness with which characters could be summed up, ticketed, and pigeonholed, is revealed in Fielding's extended characterizations of the *Dramatis Personae,* which are merely comic distortions of easily recognized heroic figures. The King, a passionate tyrant with a hidden love affair, the Hero with a Great Soul and a violent temper, and the villainous courtier in love *sub rosa* with the heroine, and intriguing to overthrow the state to secure her, are all familiar properties of the heroic tragedy. To these and other stock figures Fielding added three characters from real life; the Bailiff, the Bailiff's follower, and the Parson. They are, however, made to speak the language of their superiors, and thus their introduction with their mouths full of the rant of Almanzor and Bajazet is made a successful comic device. But with these exceptions the characters of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* all find prototypes in *The Conquest of Granada, Aureng-Zebe, The Earl of Essex,* and the rest.

The particular quality of character for which heroic playwrights strove was a kind of superhuman greatness both in physical powers and in emotions. The prowess of the hero is frankly beyond all limits of probability, and his passions blaze with an intensity which would soon consume the ordinary mortal. In these respects Fielding does full justice to Tom

Thumb. As the King confidently remarks when Tom Thumb goes out to battle at the head of the royal forces—

> Tho Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,
> He is alone equal to all these Odds.

The effect of the flame of heroic love upon a personage of such power is easily imagined. His whole being is consumed with his passion. He is continually either in transports of delight; or, if he is crossed, in raging "tempests of the mind"[1] which threaten to disrupt the universe. One does not read far in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* without discovering how little it takes to produce frenzied outbursts of anger, sorrow, or jealousy. Indeed, the tragic character boasts of the domination of Love over Reason.[2] Naturally the mind dwelling on such a high plane has a scorn for the commonplace.[3] This disdain for the low is burlesqued in the scene where Tom Thumb casually kills the Bailiff who has insulted his friend Noodle. The constant forcing of emotion and the continuous procession of emotional storms constitute perhaps the most amusing and effective element in Fielding's burlesque of the heroic character.

In order to translate this extravagance of character into dialogue, playwrights put into the mouths of their puppets the most unnatural sentiments clothed in the most fantastic diction. Moreover, an utter lack of originality led to an accumulation of conventional sentiments and stock phrases which made easy the task of the satirist. This sameness appeared especially in the incessant storms which afflict the heroic mind.

[1] See Act II, Scene VII, Glumdalca; and Act II, Scene X, Grizzle.
[2] See Notes, 99. 1.
[3] See Notes, 111. 1.

Addison says in number 40 of *The Spectator* that the poets have "filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast, and given them such sentiments as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of the mind. Unnatural exclamations, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause." These various details of the poet's method of inflating his characters are all duly noted and set down by Fielding, witness the line (Act II, Scene VII)—

Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts, and Death!

the hero's speech in the third scene defying Jove, Grizzle's protestations in the fifth scene that Tom Thumb shall never marry Huncamunca, his vow of destruction when they are united at the end of Act II, and the preposterous exclamations of Noodle and the King in the final scene. Since heroic action is always in the superlative, it is always described in the superlative. The tragic character never does things by halves, and his exploits never lose in the recounting. Sorrow, for instance, is expressed in floods of tears which threaten to drown the whole world; the King in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* bids his people weep until the whole realm is overflowed, and nothing but the sea is left for him to rule.

It is even possible to identify certain words, phrases, and speeches which the heroic style particularly favored. The word *soul*[1] is omnipresent, and *genius*[2] is also frequent. Both these words were noticed by

[1] For a characteristic instance, see Act I, Scene III, the Queen—"Be still, my soul." Note also Fielding's remarks on killing a soul in the preface to the *Tom Thumb* of 1730.

[2] See Notes, 91. 1.

Fielding. The simile, which the tragic author, heroic, classic, or otherwise, used at every opportunity and generally without any attempt at originality, is employed with equal frequency and equal regard for conventionality in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* Fielding goes so far as to make the Ghost catalogue a number of stock similes, which the King then roundly curses, together with the inventor of similes and those who write them, especially those who "liken things not like at all."[1] There are also in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* a number of passages burlesquing typical sentiments in stock speeches in the tragedies. Tom Thumb has a speech in the third scene on the rewards of love after "the dreadful Business of the War is o'er." In the second scene the King refuses to discuss business and declares that the present must be dedicated to pleasure. The Queen soliloquizes in Act I, Scene VI, on the emptiness of life without virtue, and Grizzle in Scene IV on the transiency of glory and greatness. All these passages have several more or less close parallels in the tragedies, and are the most obvious points in a method of burlesque, which, if not always so definite, does in general reproduce in caricature the dominant tone of heroic sentiment, with its exaltation of the empire of Love, its indifference toward common life, and its scorn for reason and restraint.

The preface and notes of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* are as consistent burlesque as is the dialogue. The notes of course serve the obvious purpose of present-

[1] See Act III, Scenes II and III, and Notes. Fielding is very successful in his burlesque similes in his mock-heroic treatment of commonplace subjects, and in the effect he gets from the elaborate rimed Homeric similes at the end of acts, scenes, and long speeches.

ing the reader with the passages parodied in the dialogue, but they serve other purposes as well. In them and in the preface Fielding satirizes the dramatic criticism of the Restoration and early eighteenth century, and thus reinforces, as it were, his burlesque of the tragedy itself.

In fact, without a preface a burlesque tragedy would hardly be complete, for the dramatist had been, since Dryden, an inveterate writer of prefaces. In his preface the playwright generally followed more or less closely an accepted formula.[1] He thanked the public for its indulgence and the actors for their interest and care, and made whatever apologies he considered necessary. Incidentally he expressed his views, if he had any, on the theory of dramatic art. In his first preface Fielding follows custom in several of these points; after a satirical discussion of the "prefatical style" itself, he has the editor, Scriblerus Secundus, answer criticisms which he alleges have been made, praises the performers, and ends with the hackneyed device of commending his "little Tom Thumb" to the favor of the Town.[2] The second preface is much more elaborate. The first half is given over to a discussion of the history of the play, the identity of the author, etc., in burlesque of pedantic historical criticism; and in the second half there is a systematic examination of the Fable, Moral, Characters, Sentiments, and Diction. This procedure apes closely the usual method of the dramatists, who anxiously defended in their prefaces the high dignity of their plots and characters, and the nobility of their sentiments and diction.[3] The pedantic

1 See Notes, prefaces to *Tom Thumb* and *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

2 See Notes, preface to *Tom Thumb,* 50. 1.

3 See Notes, preface to *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* 82. 3.

tone of the preface is sustained throughout the notes, where the editor gives various textual readings from other critics of the play, comments on tragic conventions and the theories of Aristotle, Longinus, Corneille, and others, and, under the pretence of supporting the author by giving parallel passages from other distinguished writers, cites the originals of the parodies.

The especial points of dramatic criticism which are attacked are the mechanical application of rules to tragedy, and the unfailing appeal to the ancients as a court of last resort. Individual critics are not attacked as specifically or in such numbers as are the individual playwrights. A number are mentioned slightly—Bentley, Theobald, Salmon, W[elsted?], and L[yttelton?]—, but Dryden and Dennis are the only ones of whom there is more than casual satire. Dryden's name appears frequently in the notes, both in connection with the burlesque of his plays, and in satirical references to his critical prefaces. Moreover, the analysis in Fielding's preface reminds one of Dryden's method, as does the reference to French critics, a practice common in Dryden and imitated by his followers, who sprinkled their pages thickly with the names of Corneille, Bossu, and Dacier. John Dennis, however, bears the brunt of the attack on criticism. Dennis was in 1731 an old man far past his period of really representative production.[1] He had formerly been a critic of considerable ability and good standing, but now he had degenerated into a captious quibbler. He had been made a particular target for Pope's satire,[2] had been called the "Generalissimo of Bear-

[1] The decay of Dennis's critical power is carefully traced in H. G. Paul, *John Dennis*.

[2] His name is prominent in much of the literary satire of the period; see, for instance, *The Dunciad*.

Garden Critics,"[1] and had himself said, as early as 1713, "I pass for a man who is conceitedly determined to like nothing which others like."[2] In the preface and notes to *The Tragedy of Tragedies* he is continually made to utter the most arbitrary and literal-minded judgments, and many notes where his name does not appear are obviously intended to burlesque his style. He is also held up to ridicule for his extreme patriotism and his hatred and fear of the French, which he emphasized at every opportunity, calling himself an "Assertor of Liberty."[3]

The burlesque of the critics is by no means as thorough and specific as that of the dramatists. Nor is it as purely original. In attacking Dennis, Theobald, and Bentley, Fielding was merely following a fashion set by Pope, who had already marked them as proper objects for general abuse. The burlesque of the preface and notes is, however, good-natured and penetrating, and its addition to the play gives the whole an effect of completeness. Altogether Fielding's treatment of tragedy and dramatic criticism argues an intimate knowledge and understanding of the tragedy of Dryden and his successors, which was still to a considerable extent the tragedy of the stage of 1731. In fact, the satire is so thorough and inclusive that were it not for the very nature of the play—burlesque—and Fielding's vivacity and keen humor, *The Tragedy of Tragedies* might even be called conscientious.

1 See *The Censor Censured* (1723).
2 See *Remarks on Cato* (1713).
3 Note the Introduction to his *Remarks on Cato.*

TEXT OF 1730 TOM THUMB, 1ST EDITION[1]

[1] The Preface, Prologue, Epilogue and two Bailiff Scenes, which first occur in the 2nd Ed., are inserted in their proper places.

[Half-title page][1]

TOM THUMB.

A

TRAGEDY.

[Price Six Pence.]

[1] Omitted in 2nd and 3d Eds.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF TOM THUMB[1]

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. HAVE IN PLACE OF VIGNETTE—WRITTEN BY *Scriblerus Secundus.*[2] —*Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.*[3] HOR. AND, AT FOOT OF PAGE—[PRICE SIX PENCE].

TOM THUMB.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.* 1730.

[Page following title-page][1]

April 24, 1730.

This Day is Publish'd,

The AUTHOR's FARCE; and the PLEASURES of the TOWN. As it is Acted at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market.* Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.*

——————————— *Quis* iniquae
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Juv. Sat. 1.

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane.* Price 1 *s.*

[1] Omitted in 2nd and 3d Eds.

[Head-piece]

PREFACE[1]

A Preface is become[1] almost as necessary to a Play, as a Prologue: It is a Word of Advice to the Reader, as the other to the Spectator: And as the Business of a Prologue is to commend the Play, so that of the Preface is to Compliment the Actors.[2]

A Preface requires a Style entirely different from all other Writings; A Style for which I can find no Name in either the Sublime of *Longinus*,[3] or the Profound of *Scriblerus*:[4] which I shall therefore venture to call the Supernatural, after the celebrated Author of *Hurlothrumbo*:[5] who, tho' no Writer of Prefaces, is a very great Master of their Style.

As *Charon* in *Lucian*[6] suffers none to enter his Boat till stripped of every thing they have about them, so should no Word by any means enter into a Preface till stripped of all its Ideas. Mr. *Lock*[7] complains of confused Ideas in Words, which is entirely amended by suffering them to give none at all: This may be done by adding, diminishing, or changing a Letter, as instead of *Paraphernalia*, writing *Paraphonalia*:[8] For a Man may turn Greek into Nonsense, who cannot turn Sense into either *Greek* or *Latin*.

A Second Method of stripping Words of their Ideas is by putting half a dozen incoherent ones together: Such as *when the People of our Age shall be Ancestors*,[9] &c. By which means one discordant Word, like a surly Man in Company, spoils the whole Sentence, and makes it entirely Prefatical.

Some imagine this Way of Writing to have been originally introduced by *Plato*, whom *Cicero*[10] observes to have taken

[1] The Preface does not appear in 1st Ed.

especial Pains in wrapping up his Sentiments from the Understandings of the Vulgar. But I can in no wise agree with them in this Conjecture, any more than their deriving the Word Preface, *quasi Plaface, a Plato:* whereas the original Word is *Playface, quasi Players Face:* and sufficiently denotes some Player, who was as remarkable for his *Face,* as his Prefaces, to have been the Inventor of it.

But that the Preface to my Preface be not longer than that to my Play: I shall have done with the Performances of others, and speak a Word or two of my own.

This Preface then was writ at the Desire of my Bookseller, who told me that some Elegant Criticks had made three great Objections to this Tragedy: which I shall handle without any Regard to Precedence: And therefore I begin to defend the last Scene of my Play against the third Objection of these **Kriticks,*[1] which is, to the destroying all the Characters in it, this I cannot think so unprecedented as these Gentlemen would insinuate, having my-self known it done in the first Act of several Plays: Nay, it is common in modern Tragedy for the Characters to drop, like the Citizens in the first Scene of OEdipus,[2] as soon as they come upon the Stage.

Secondly, they Object to the killing a Ghost. This (say they) far exceeds the Rules of Probability; perhaps it may; but I would desire these Gentlemen seriously to recollect, whether they have not seen in several celebrated Plays, such expressions as these, *Kill my Soul,*[3] *Stab my very Soul, Bleeding Soul, Dying Soul, cum multis aliis,* all which visibly confess that for a Soul or Ghost to be killed is no Impossibility.

As for the first Objection which they make, and the last which I answer, *viz.* to the Subject, to this I shall only say, that it is in the Choice of my Subject I have placed my chief Merit.

It is with great Concern that I have observed several of our (the *Grubstreet*) Tragical Writers, to Celebrate in their Immortal Lines the Actions of Heroes recorded in Historians

* *Prefatical language.*

and Poets, such as *Homer* or *Virgil*,[1] *Livy* or *Plutarch*, the Propagation of whose Works is so apparently against the Interest of our Society; when the Romances, Novels, and Histories, *vulgo* call'd Story-Books, of our own People, furnish such abundant and proper Themes for their Pens, such are *Tom Tram, Hickathrift*,[2] &c.

And here I congratulate my Cotemporary Writers, for their having enlarged the Sphere of Tragedy: The ancient Tragedy seems to have had only two Effects on an Audience, *viz.* It either awakened Terror and Compassion, or composed those and all other uneasy Sensations, by lulling the Audience[3] in an agreeable Slumber. But to provoke the Mirth and Laughter of the Spectators, to join the Sock[4] to the Buskin, is a Praise only due to Modern Tragedy.

Having spoken thus much of the Play, I shall proceed to the Performers, among whom if any shone brighter than the rest it was *Tom Thumb*. Indeed such was the Excellence thereof, that no one can believe unless they see its Representation, to which I shall refer the Curious: Nor can I refrain from observing how well one of the Mutes set off his Part: so excellent was his Performance, that it out-did even my own Wishes: I gratefully give him my share of Praise, and desire the Audience to refer the whole to his beautiful Action.

And now I must return my hearty Thanks to the Musick, who, I believe, played to the best of their Skill, because it was for their own Reputation, and because they are paid for it: So have I thrown[5] little *Tom Thumb* on the Town, and hope they will be favourable to him, and for an Answer to all Censures, take these words of *Martial*,

> *Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim*
> *Scribere, Tu, Causa es* —— ——[6]

[Vignette]

PROLOGUE.[1]

By no Friend of the Author's[1]

Spoken by Mr. *JONES*.

With Mirth and Laughter[2] *to delight the Mind*
The modern Tragedy was first design'd:
'Twas this made Farce *with* Tragedy *unite,*
And taught each Scribler in the Town to Write.

The Glorious Heroes who, in former Years,
Dissolv'd all Athens *and all* Rome *in Tears;*
Who to our Stage, have been transplanted too;
Whom Shakespear[3] *taught to Storm, and* Lee *to Woo,*
And could to Softness, ev'ry heart subdue,
Grub-Street *has turned to* Farce.—— *Oh glorious Lane!*
O, may thy Authors never write in vain!
May crowded Theatres ne'er give Applause
To any other than the Grub-Street *Cause!*

Since then, to laugh, to Tragedies you come,
What Heroe is so proper as Tom Thumb?
Tom Thumb! *whose very Name must Mirth incite,*
And fill each merry Briton *with Delight.*
Britons, *awake!—Let* Greece *and* Rome *no more*
Their Heroes send to our Heroick Shore.
Let home-bred Subjects grace the modern Muse,
And Grub-Street *from her Self, her Heroes chuse:*
Her Story-Books *Immortalize in Fame*
Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-Killer, *and* Tom Tram.
No Venus shou'd in Sing-Post Painter[4] *shine;*
No Roman *Hero in a Scribler's Line:*
The monst'rous Dragon to the Sign belongs,
And Grub-Street*'s Heroes best adorn her Songs.*
To-night our Bard, Spectators, *would be* true
To Farce, *to* Tragedy, Tom Thumb, *and* You.
May all the Hissing Audience be struck Dumb;
Long live the Man who cries, Long live Tom Thumb.

[1] Does not appear in 1st Ed.

EPILOGUE[1] [1]

Sent by an Unknown Hand.

Spoken by Miss *JONES.*

Tom Thumb, *twice Dead,*[2] *is a third Time Reviv'd,*
And, by your Favour, may be yet long-liv'd.
But, more I fear the snarling Critick's Brow,
Than Grizzle*'s Dagger, or the Throat of Cow!*
Well then —— Toupees,[3] *I warrant you suppose*
I'll be exceeding witty on the Beaus;
But faith! I come with quite a diff'rent View,
To shew there are Tom Thumbs, *as well as you.*
Place me upon the awful Bench, and try
If any Judge can sleep more sound than I.
Or let me o'er a Pulpit-Cushion peep,
See who can set you in a sounder Sleep.
Tom Thumb *can feel the Pulse, can give the Pill;*
No Doctor's Feather shall more surely kill.
I'll be a Courtier, give me but a Place;
A Title makes me equal with his Grace:
Lace but my Coat, where is a prettier Spark?
I'll be a Justice– give me but a Clerk.
A Poet too — when I have learnt to read,
And plunder both the Living and the Dead:
Any of these, Tom Thumb *with Ease can be,*
For Many such, are nothing more than He.

But, for the Ladies,[4] *they, I know, despise*
The little Things of my inferior Size.
Their mighty souls are all of them too large
To take so small a Heroe to their Charge.
Take Pity,[5] *Ladies, on a young Beginner;*
Faith! I may prove, in time, a thumping Sinner.
Let your kind Smiles our Author's Cause defend;
He fears no Foes, while Beauty is his Friend.

1 Does not appear in 1st Ed.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King Arthur,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Tom Thumb,	Miss *Jones.*
Lord Grizzle,	Mr. *Jones.*
Mr. Noodle,	Mr. *Marshall.*[1]
Mr. Doodle,	Mr. *Reynolds.*[1]
1 Physician,	Mr. *Hallam.*
2 Physician,	Mr. *Dove.*

WOMEN.

Queen Dollalolla,	Mrs. *Mullart.*
Princess Huncamunca,	Mrs. *Jones.*
Cleora,[11]	
Mustacha,[11]	
Slaves, *&c.*[111]	

[Vignette]

[1] Names of Marshall and Reynolds interchanged in 2nd and 3d Eds.

[11] 2nd and 3d Eds. Cleora, Mrs. *Smith.*
Mustacha, Mrs. *Clark.*

[111] 2nd and 3d Eds. *Courtiers, Slaves, Bailiff,* &c.

SCENE *The Court of King* Arthur.

[Head-piece]

TOM THUMB

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Mr. Doodle, *Mr.* Noodle.

DOODLE

Sure, such a Day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:
All Nature, O my *Noodle*! grins for Joy.
Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle!* is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never saw before.
The mighty *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
Who bite their Chains, and frown and foam like Mad-
Dogs.
He rides, regardless of their ugly Looks.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.
Dood. When Goody *Thumb* first brought this *Thomas*
forth,
The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O *Arthur!* did thy *Genius* reign.
Nood. They tell me, it is whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, That this mighty Hero
(By *Merlin's* Art begot) has not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

Dood. Wou'd *Arthur's* Subjects were such Gristle, all!
He then might break the Bones of ev'ry Foe.
Nood. But hark! these Trumpets speak the King's Approach.
Dood. He comes most luckily for my Petition!
Let us retire a little.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, *Lord* Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

King. Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day, shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown again.
Smile, *Dollalolla;*—— Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow
Sits, like some *Mother Demdike,*[1] on thy Brow?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets?
Queen. Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears, as often as Excess of Grief.
King. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, 'till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me nothing but the Sea to rule.
Dood. My Liege! I've a Petition——
King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Bus'ness.
To-day it is our Pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as Us.
Queen. If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack-Punch*— 'fore *George!* I'll see it out;
Of *Rum,* or *Brandy,* I'll not taste a Drop.
King. Tho' *Rack,* in *Punch,* Eight Shillings be a Quart,

And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the Warrior comes; *Tom Thumb* approaches;
The welcome Hero, Giant-killing Lad,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, *attended;* King, Queen, *Lord* Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

King. O welcome, ever welcome to my Arms,
My dear *Tom Thumb!* How shall I thank thy Merit?
Thumb By not b'ing thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
My Duty I have done, and done no more.
Queen. Was ever such a lovely Creature seen! [*Aside.*
King. Thy Modesty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It shines Itself, and shews thy Merit too.
Vain Impudence, if it be ever found
With Virtue, like the Trumpet in a Consort,[1]
Drowns the sweet Musick of the softer Flute.
But say, my Boy, where didst thou leave the Giants?
Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like twenty Things, my Liege;
Like twenty thousand Oaks, by Winter's Hand
Strip'd of their Blossoms, like a Range of Houses,
When Fire has burnt their Timber all away.
King. Enough: The vast Idea fills my Soul;
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores,

Which, like as many rav'nous Wolves, of late
Frown'd grimly o'er the Land, like Lambs look now.
O *Thumb,* what do we to thy Valour owe!
The Princess *Huncamunca* is thy Prize.
Queen. Ha! Be still, my Soul!
Thumb. Oh, happy, happy Hearing!
Witness, ye Stars! cou'd Thumb have ever set
A Bound to his Ambition – it had been
The Princess *Huncamunca,* in whose Arms
Eternity would seem but half an Hour.
Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb.*
King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb.*
Not *Alexander,* in his highest Pride,
Could boast of Merits greater than *Tom Thumb.*
Not *Caesar, Scipio,* all the Flow'rs of *Rome,*
Deserv'd their Triumphs better than *Tom Thumb.*
Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have the Princess, that is Pos'.
King. Say you so, Madam? We will have a Trial.
When I consent, what Pow'r has your Denyal?
For, when the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.
Nood. Long Health and Happiness attend the General!
Long may he live, as now, the Publick Joy,
While ev'ry Voice is burthen'd with his Praise.
Thumb. Whisper, ye Winds! that *Huncamunca's* mine;
Ecchoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is over,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns the Toil.
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Has through dark Paths pursu'd the Sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Face and Hands he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdusta* lies.

[*Exeunt all but* Grizzle.[1]

SCENE IV.

Lord Grizzle, *Solus.*

See how the cringing Coxcombs fawn upon him!
The Sun-shine of a Court can, in a Day,
Ripen the vilest Insect to an Eagle:
And ev'ry little Wretch, who but an Hour
Before had scorn'd, and trod him under Feet,
Shall lift his Eyes aloft, to gaze at distance,
And flatter what they scorn'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, *to Lord* Grizzle.

Queen. Well met, my Lord.[11]
You are the Man I sought. Have you not heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.
Griz. I heard it, I confess — for who, alas!
Can always stop his Ears —— but would my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.
Queen. Would I had heard at the still Noon of
Night,

1 2ND AND 3D EDS. NO STAGE DIRECTION.
11 3D ED. MY LORD,
YOU ARE

The dreadful Cry of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I could almost destroy my self,
To think I should a Grand-mother be made
By such a Rascal. — Sure, the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stall[1]
Was drop'd. —— O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To see him, from a Pudding, mount the Throne?

Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my brain.

Queen. Then rouze thy Spirit – we may yet prevent
This hated Match.——

Griz. We will.—— Not Fate, itself,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb,* should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rush; I'll rise; I'll roar
Fierce as the Man whom smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet, can we kill the Man who kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to a Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! Have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?

Griz. Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. ON A STILE

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traytor, hie
away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb.*
Go, Sirrah! go; hie away! hie! —— thou art
A Setting Dog — and like one I use thee.
Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd.
So when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, the Dog contending meets,[1]
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Queen, *Sola.*

And whither shall I go?—— Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb* — but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't.— I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb.*
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb.*
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold!—— Perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine,
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So when some Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell*'s sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging, she's content;
She hopes, in Time, to ease her present Pain;
At length is free, and walks the Streets again. [*Exit.*

[Vignette]

1 2ND AND 3D EDS. WITH A THIRD DOG, ONE OF THE TWO DOGS MEETS,

ACT II. SCENE I.[1]

SCENE *The Street*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bailiff. Come on, my trusty follower, inur'd
To ev'ry kind of Danger; cudgell'd oft;
Often in Blankets toss'd – oft Pump'd upon:
Whose Virtue in a Horse-Pond hath been try'd.
Stand here by me.—— This way must *Noodle* pass.
Foll. Were he an Half-pay Officer, a Bully,
A Highway-man, or Prize-fighter, I'd nab him.
Bail. This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
A double Mug of Beer and Beer shall glad thee.
Then in an Ale-house may'st thou sit at Ease,
And quite forget the Labours of the Day.
So wearied Oxen to their Stalls retire,
And rest from all the Burthens of the Plough.
Foll. No more, no more, O Bailiff ! ev'ry Word
Inspires my Soul with Virtue.—— O ! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street – and nab him;
To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,
And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.
Bail. There, when I have him, I will spunge upon him.
O glorious Thought ! By the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in Thought !
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.
So Lovers, in Imagination strong,
Enjoy their absent Mistresses in Thought,
And hug their Pillows, as I now do thee:
And as they squeeze its Feathers out – so I
Would from his Pockets squeeze the Money out.

[1] THESE TWO SCENES APPEAR IN 2ND AND 3D EDS. ONLY.

Foll. Alas! too just your Simile, I fear,
For Courtiers often nothing are but Feathers.
Bail. Oh, my good Follower ! when I reflect
On the big Hopes I once had entertain'd,
To see the Law, as some devouring Wolf,
Eat up the Land,——'till, like a Garrison,
Its whole Provision's gone.—— Lawyers were forc'd,
For want of Food, to feed on one another.
But Oh ! fall'n Hope. The Law will be reduc'd
Again to Reason, whence it first arose.
But Ha ! our Prey approaches —— let us retire.

SCENE II

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my *Noodle,* I am wond'rous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca,*
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh !— but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare.
Nood. I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms.
Thumb. Then know – My Grand-mamma hath often said—
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage.——
Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma.
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy which will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in ev'ry Kiss.
Thumb. Oh, *Noodle !* thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;
Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.

Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short
For our Enjoyment; ev'ry Sun shall rise
Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

Nood. Oh, Sir ! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.

Bail. Oh, Sir ! I have an Action against you.

Nood. At whose Suit is it ?

Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.
Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.

Thumb. Ha ! Dogs ! Arrest my Friend before my Face !
Think you *Tom Thumb* will swallow this Disgrace !
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb shall show his Anger by his Sword.
[*Kills the Bailiff.*

Bail. Oh ! I am slain !

Foll. I'm murdered also,
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

Thumb. Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
'Till Debtors at Noon-day shall walk the Street,
And no one fear a Bailiff, or his Writ.

[Head-piece]

ACT II. SCENE I.[1]

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

HUNCAMUNCA.

Give me some Musick to appease my Soul;
Gentle *Cleora,* sing my fav'rite Song.

Cleora *sings.*

Cupid, *ease a Love-sick Maid,*
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. STAGE DIRECTION—*The Princess* HUNCAMUNCA*'s Apartment.*

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow through his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.

Hunc. O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*
Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Blood?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or else the King of *Brentford, Old* or *New?*

Must. I am surprized that your Highness can give your self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow, *Tom Thumb.* One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband.— Were he my Husband his Hours should be as long as his Body.— If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my *Mustacha,* on your Duty cease.
The *Zephyr,* when on[1] flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

Must. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband. Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court that looks so little like a Man. He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Cle. Madam, the King.

SCENE II.

King, Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.
[Ex. Cleora, *and* Mustacha.

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. WHEN IN FLOWRY

Daughter, I have of late observ'd some Grief
Unusual in your Countenance, your Eyes
That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Room within,
Have now two Blinds before them – What is the
Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted [.]
Hunc. Alas! my Lord, a tender Maid may want
What she can neither Eat nor Drink——
King. What's that?
Hunc. Oh! Spare my Blushes, but I mean a Husband.
King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose Warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants,
Whose Name in *Terrâ incognitâ* is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle Drums of twenty Armies.
Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?
King. *Tom Thumb.*
Hunc. Is it possible?
King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joys is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.
Hunc. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've Sigh'd, I've Wept, I've gnaw'd my
Sheets.

SCENE III.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle.

Dood. Oh! fatal News — the great *Tom Thumb* is
dead.

King. How dead!

Dood. Alas! as dead as a Door-Nail.
Help, help, the Princess faints!

King. Fetch her a Dram.

Hunc. Under my Bed you'll find a Quart of Rum.
[*Exit* Doodle.

King. How does my pretty Daughter?

Hunc. Thank you, Papa,
I'm something better now.

King. What Slave waits there?
Enter Slave.[1]
Go order the Physicians strait before me,
That did attend *Tom Thumb*—— now by my Stars,
Unless they give a full and true Account
Of his Distemper, they shall all be hang'd.

Dood. [*returns.*] Here is the Bottle, and here is the Glass,
I found them both together.——

King. Give them me. [*fills the Glass.*
Drink it all off, it will do you no harm.

SCENE IV.[1]

King, Huncamunca, Doodle, Physicians.

1 *Phys.* We here attend your Majesty's command.

King. Of what Distemper did *Tom Thumb* demise?

1 *Phys.* He died, may it please your Majesty, of a Distemper which *Paracelsus* call the *Diaphormane, Hippocrates* the *Catecumen, Galen* the *Regon* —— He was taken with a Dizziness in his Head, for which I bled him, and put on Four Blisters — he then had the Gripes, wherefore I thought it proper to apply a Glister, a Purge, and a Vomit.

[1] In 2nd and 3d Eds. Stage direction precedes King's line—"What Slave waits there?"

2 *Phys.* Doctor, you mistake the Case; the Distemper was not the *Diaphormane,* as you vainly imagine; it was the *Peripilusis* — and tho' I approve very much of all that you did — let me tell you, you did not do half enough — you know he complained of a Pain in his Arm, I would immediately have cut off his Arm, and have laid open his Head, to which I would have applied some *Trahysick* Plaister; after that I would have proceeded to my *Catharticks, Emeticks,* and *Diureticks.*

1 *Phys.* In the *Peripilusis* indeed these Methods are not only wholesome but necessary: but in the *Diaphormane* otherwise.

2 *Phys.* What are the Symptoms of the *Diaphormane?*

1 *Phys.* They are various – very various and uncertain.

2 *Phys.* Will you tell me that a Man died of the *Diaphormane* in one Hour – when the Crisis of that Distemper does not rise till the Fourth?[1]

1 *Phys.* The Symptoms are various, very various and uncertain.

SCENE V.

[*To them.*] Tom Thumb *attended.*

Thumb. Where is the Princess ? where's my *Huncamunca?*
Lives she ? O happy *Thumb!* — for even now
A Murmur humming skips about the Court,
That *Huncamunca* was defunct.

King. Bless me!
Ye Charming Stars — sure 'tis Illusion all.
Are you *Tom Thumb,* and are you too alive?

Thumb. *Tom Thumb* I am, and eke also alive.

King. And have you not been dead at all?—

Thumb. Not I.

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. FOURTH DAY?

1 *Phys.* I told you, Doctor, that *Cathartick* would do his Business.

2 *Phys.* Ay, and I am very much surprized to find it did not.

SCENE VI.

King, Thumb, Huncamunca, Physicians, Doodle, Noodle.

Nood. Great News, may it please your Majesty, I bring,
A Traytor is discover'd, who design'd
To kill *Tom Thumb* with Poison.

King. Ha! say you?

Nood. A Girl had dress[i] her Monkey in his Habit,
And that they[ii] poisoned by mistake for *Thumb.*

King. Here are Physicians for you, whose nice Art
Can take a dress'd[iii] Monkey for a Man.
Come to my Arms, my dearest Son-in-Law,
Happy's the wooing, that's not long a doing;[iv]
Proceed we to the Temple, there to tye
The burning Bridegroom to the blushing Bride.
And if I guess aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a new *Tom Thumb.*

Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

Hunc. O fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's sign, and suits you well—
I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

Hunc. Forbid it, all the Stars; for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Semptress lost, they say,

i 2ND AND 3D EDS. DRESS'D
ii 2ND AND 3D EDS. WAS POISONED
iii 2ND AND 3D EDS. DRESS'D UP MONKEY
iv 3D ED. LONG A DOING?

Her Needle in a Bottle full of Hay,[1]
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan;
For ah! the Needle was for ever gone.[11] [*Ex.* King, *&c.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Physicians.

1 *Phys.* Pray, Doctor *Church-yard,* what is your *Peripilusis?* I did not care to own my Ignorance to the King; but I never heard of such a Distemper before.

2 *Phys.* Truly, Doctor *Fillgrave,* it is more nearly allied to the *Diaphormane* than you imagine – and when you know the one, you will not be very far from finding out the other. But it is now past Ten; I must haste to Lord *Weekleys,* for he'll be dead before Eleven, and so I shall lose my Fee.

So[111] Doctor, your Servant. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII

Enter Queen *sola.*

How am I forc'd to wander thus alone,
As if I were the *Phoenix* of my kind;

[1] 2ND AND 3D EDS. SO THE UNHAPPY SEMPSTRESS, ONCE, THEY SAY,
HER NEEDLE IN A POTTLE, LOST, OF HAY.

[11] 2ND AND 3D EDS. INSERT FOLLOWING SPEECH OF KING AT THIS POINT,—

King. LONG MAY YE LIVE, AND LOVE, AND PROPAGATE,
'TILL THE WHOLE LAND BE PEOPLED WITH
Tom Thumbs.
SO WHEN THE *Cheshire*-CHEESE A MAGGOT BREEDS,
ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL SUCCEEDS;
BY THOUSANDS AND TEN THOUSANDS THEY ENCREASE
TILL ONE CONTINU'D MAGGOT FILLS THE ROTTEN CHEESE.
[NO STAGE DIRECTION AT END OF SCENE.]

[111] 2ND AND 3D EDS. SO OMITTED.

Tom Thumb is lost — yet *Hickathrift* remains,
And *Hickathrift's* as great a Man as *Thumb*.
Be he then our Gallant — but ha! what Noise
Comes trav'ling onward, bellowing as loud
As Thunder rumbling through th' AEtherial Plains?

SCENE IX.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers.*

King. Open the Prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse Six Pounds
To pay their Debts — let no one weep To-day.
Come, my fair Consort, sit thee down by me.
Here seated, let us view the Dancers Sport,
Bid them advance— this is the Wedding Day
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*.

Dance, *Epithalamium,* and Sports.

SCENE *The last.*

Noodle, King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers.*

Nood. Oh! Monstrous! Dreadful! Terrible! Oh!
Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes,
Dumb be my Tongue, Feet lame, all Senses lost.
King. What does the Blockhead mean?
Nood. Whilst from my Garret
I look'd abroad into the Street below,
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice twenty Shoe-boys, twice two dozen Links,
Chairmen, and Porters, Hackney Coachmen, Whores;
When on a sudden through the Streets there came
A Cow of larger than the usual Size,

And in a moment, guess, oh! guess the rest,
And in a moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb.*
King. Horrible indeed!
Ld *Griz.* Swallow'd she him alive?
Nood. Alive, alive, Lord *Grizzle;* so the Boys
Of Fishmonger[i] do swallow Gudgeons down.
Ld *Griz.* Curse on the Cow that took my Vengeance from me. [*Aside.*]
King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out – hang all the *Culprits,*
Guilty or not — no matter — ravish Virgins,
Go bid the School-masters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons and Physicians loose,
To Rob, impose on, and to kill the World.
Ghost of Tom Thumb *rises.*
Ghost. Thom Thumb I am – but am not eke alive.
My Body's in the Cow, my Ghost is here.
Griz. Thanks, O ye Stars, my Vengeance is restor'd,
Nor shalt thou fly me —— for I'll kill[ii] the[iii] Ghost.
[*Kills the Ghost.*[1]
Hunc. O barbarous Deed — I will revenge him so.
[*Kills* Griz.
Dood. Ha! *Grizzle* kill'd — then Murtheress beware [*Kills* Hunc.
Queen. O wretch — have at thee. [*Kills* Dood.
Nood. And have at thee too. [*Kills the* Queen.
Cle. Thou'st kill'd the Queen. [*Kills* Nood.
Must. And thou hast kill'd my Lover. [*Kills* Cle.
King. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that. [*Kills* Must.
And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*
So when the Child whom Nurse from Mischief guards,
Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;

[i] 2ND AND 3D EDS. FISHMONGERS
[ii] 3D ED. OMITS KILL
[iii] 2ND AND 3D EDS. THY

Kings, Queens and Knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,
And all I boast is, that I fall the last. [*Dies.*

FINIS.

[Vignette]

TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES
LONDON, 1731

W. Hogarth inv.t. *Ger Vander Gucht sculp.*

THE TRAGEDY OF *TRAGEDIES*; OR THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF TOM THUMB *the Great.*

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

With the ANNOTATIONS of

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

LONDON,

Printed; And Sold by *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane.*

M DCC XXXI.

Price One Shilling.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

3d Ed. has Tragedy, *Tragedies*, Tom Thumb *the Great, H. Scriblerus Secundus, London*, MDCCXXXVII, printed in red.

Printed by J. Watts at the Printing Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincolns Inn Fields.*

4th Ed.—Printed by and for J. Watts etc.

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[Head-piece]

H. Scriblerus Secundus;

HIS PREFACE.

THE Town hath seldom been more divided in its Opinion, than concernining[1] the Merit of the following Scenes. Whilst some publickly affirmed, That no Author could produce so fine a Piece but Mr. *P*—,[1] others have with as much Vehemence insisted, That no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. *F*—.

Nor can we wonder at this Dissention about its Merit, when the learned World have not unanimously decided even the very Nature of this Tragedy. For tho' most of the Universities in *Europe* have honoured it with the Name of *Egregium & maximi pretii opus, Tragoediis tam antiquis quam novis longe anteponendum*; nay, Dr. *B*———[2] hath pronounced, *Citiùs Maevii AEneadem quam Scribleri istius Tragoediam hanc crediderim, cujus Autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim*; and the great Professor *Burman*[3] hath stiled *Tom Thumb, Heroum omnium Tragicorum facilè Principem.* Nay, tho' it hath, among other Languages, been translated into *Dutch,* and celebrated with great Applause at *Amsterdam* (where Burlesque never came) by the Title of *Mynheer Vander Thumb,* the Burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent Attention, which becometh an Audience at a deep Tragedy: Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these Scenes in a ludicrous Light; and Mr. *D*———[4] hath been heard to say,

[1] CORRECTED IN LATER IMPRESSION.

with some Concern, That he wondered a Tragical and Christian Nation would permit a Representation on its Theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is Great and Solemn among us.

This learned Critick, and his Followers, were led into so great an Error, by that surreptitious and piratical Copy[1] which stole last Year into the World; with what Injustice and Prejudice to our Author, I hope will be acknowledged[1] by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original Copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great Praise of our Author, that, however imperfect the former was, still did even that faint Resemblance of the true *Tom Thumb*, contain[11] sufficient Beauties to give it a Run of upwards of Forty Nights,[2] to the politest Audiences. But, notwithstanding that Applause which it receiv'd from all the best Judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a Burlesque on the loftiest Parts of Tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call Fine Things, from the Stage.

Now, if I can set[3] my Country right in an Affair of this Importance, I shall lightly esteem any Labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, First, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious Copy beforementioned, published by some ill-meaning People, under my Name: Secondly, as knowing my self more capable of doing Justice to our Author, than any other Man, as I have given my self more Pains to arrive at a thorough Understanding of this little Piece, having for ten Years together read nothing else; in which time, I think I may modestly presume, with the help of my *English* Dictionary, to comprehend all the Meanings of every Word in it.

But should any Error of my Pen awaken *Clariss. Bentleium*[4] to enlighten the World with his Annotations on

[1] WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED, I HOPE,—IN LATER EDS.

[11] LATER EDS.—FORMER WAS, EVEN THAT ———— CONTAINED

our Author, I shall not think that the least Reward or Happiness arising to me from these my Endeavours.

I shall wave at present, what hath caused such Feuds in the learned World,[i] Whether this Piece was originally written by *Shakespear*,[1] tho' certainly That, were it true, must add a considerable Share to its Merit; especially, with such who are so generous as to buy and to commend[ii] what they never read, from an implicit Faith in the Author only: A Faith ! which our Age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that the *Tragedy of Tragedies,* or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb,* was written in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth.* Nor can the Objection made by Mr. *D*——, That the Tragedy must then have been antecedent to the History, have any Weight, when we consider, That tho' the *History of Tom Thumb,* printed by and for *Edward M*———*r*,[2] at the Looking-Glass on *London-Bridge,* be of a later date; still must we suppose this History to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the Writer thereof to be inspired: A Gift very faintly contended for by the Writers of our Age. As to this History's not bearing the Stamp[3] of Second, Third, or Fourth Edition, I see but little in that Objection; Editions being very uncertain Lights to judge of Books by: And perhaps Mr. *M*——*r* may have joined twenty Editions in one, as Mr. *C*——*l*[4] hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other Argument, drawn from the little Care our Author hath taken to keep up to the Letter of the History, carry any greater Force. Are there not Instances of Plays, wherein the History is so perverted, that we can know the Heroes whom they celebrate by no other Marks than their Names?[iii] Nay, do we not find the same Character placed by different Poets in such different Lights, that we can discover not the least Sameness, or even Likeness in the Features. The *Sophonisba* of *Mairet*,[5] and of *Lee,* is a tender, passionate,

i 5TH ED. WORLD.

ii 4TH ED. AND COMMEND

iii LATER EDS. NAMES:

amorous Mistress of *Massinissa*; *Corneille,* and Mr. *Thomson* give her no other Passion but the Love of her Country, and make her as cool in her Affection to *Massinissa,* as to *Syphax.* In the two latter, she resembles the Character of Queen *Elizabeth*; in the two former, she is the Picture of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland.* In short, the one *Sophonisba* is as different from the other, as the *Brutus* of *Voltaire,* is from the *Marius* Jun. of *Otway*; or as the *Minerva* is from the *Venus* of the Ancients.

Let us now proceed[1] to a regular Examination of the Tragedy before us. In which[1] I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the Words of an eminent Author,[2] 'One, regular, and 'uniform, not charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and 'yet affording several Revolutions of Fortune; by which the 'Passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full 'Tumult of Emotion.'—— Nor is the *Action*[3] of this Tragedy less great than uniform. The Spring of all, is the love of *Tomb*[ii] *Thumb* for *Huncamunca*; which causeth[iii] the Quarrel between their Majesties in the first Act; the Passion of Lord *Grizzle* in the Second; the Rebellion, Fall of Lord *Grizzle,* and *Glumdalca,* Devouring of *Tom Thumb* by the Cow, and that bloody Catastrophe, in the Third.

Nor is the *Moral* of this excellent Tragedy less noble than the *Fable*; it teaches these two instructive Lessons, *viz.* That Human Happiness is exceeding transient, and, That Death is the certain End of all Men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal End of *Tom Thumb*; the latter, by that of all the other Personages.

The *Characters* are, I think, sufficiently described in the *Dramatis Personae*; and I believe we shall find few Plays, where greater Care is taken to maintain them throughout, and

[1] Later Eds. before us, in which
[ii] Corrected in later Eds.
[iii] 4th Ed. caused

to preserve in every Speech that characteristical Mark which distinguishes them from each other. 'But (says Mr. *D* —) 'how well doth the Character of *Tom Thumb,* whom we must 'call the Hero of this Tragedy, if it hath any Hero, agree with 'the Precepts of *Aristotle,*[1] who defineth *Tragedy to be the* '*Imitation of a short, but perfect Action, containing a just* '*Greatness in it self,* &c. What Greatness can be in a Fellow, 'whom History relateth to have been no higher than a Span?' This Gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant *Kite,*[2] that the Greatness of a Man's Soul[3] is in proportion to that of his Body, the contrary of which is affirmed by our *English* Physognominical[4] [i] Writers. Besides, if I understand *Aristotle* right, he speaketh only of the Greatness of the Action, and not of the Person.

As for the *Sentiments* and the *Diction,* which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger Justification, than by producing parallel Passages out of the best of our *English* Writers. Whether this Sameness of Thought and Expression which I have quoted from them, proceeded[ii] from an Agreement in their Way of Thinking; or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the Reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; That they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest Dignity of Phrase; which brings me to speak of his *Diction.*— Here I shall only beg one Postulatum, *viz.* That the greatest Perfection of the Language of a Tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this, is by being too high or too low for the Understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its Reach. Those two Extremities of Stile Mr. *Dryden* illustrates by the familiar Image of two Inns,[5] which I shall term the Aerial and the Subterrestrial.

i Later Eds. Physiognominical

ii 5th Ed. proceed from

Horace goeth[1] farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these Inns, and when at the other;

> *Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,*
> *Projicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.*[1]

That he approveth of the *Sesquipedalia Verba,* is plain; for had not *Telephus & Peleus* used this sort of Diction in Prosperity, they could not have dropt it in Adversity. The Aerial Inn, therefore (says *Horace*) is proper only to be frequented by Princes and other great Men, in the highest Affluence of Fortune; the Subterrestrial is appointed for the Entertainment of the poorer sort of People only, whom *Horace* advises,

> —— *dolere Sermone pedestri.*[2]

The true Meaning of both which Citations is, That Bombast is the proper Language for Joy, and Doggrel for Grief, the latter of which is literally imply'd in the *Sermo pedestris,* as the former is in the *Sesquipedalia Verba.*

Cicero recommendeth the former of these. *Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quàm verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ Sententiâ neque Scientiâ.*[3] What can be so proper for Tragedy as a Set of big sounding Words, so contrived together, as to convey no Meaning; which I shall one Day or other prove to be the Sublime of *Longinus.*[4] Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter Inn:

> *Omne genus scripti Gravitate Tragoedia vincit.*[5]

Tragedy hath of all Writings the greatest Share in the *Bathos,* which is the Profound of *Scriblerus.*

I shall not presume to determine which of these two Stiles be properer for Tragedy.——— It sufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole Play, either rising higher[6] than the Eye of your Understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed, that I have given more

[1] Later Eds. goes

frequent Instances of Authors who have imitated him in the Sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, First, Bombast being properly a Redundancy of Genius, Instances of this Nature occur in Poets whose Names do more Honour to our Author, than the Writers in the Doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty Way of Thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in Authors of a lower Class. Secondly, That the Works of such Authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard Task to read them, in order to extract these Flowers from them. And Lastly, It is very often difficult[1] to transplant them at all; they being like some Flowers of a very nice Nature, which will flourish in no Soil but their own: For it is easy to transcribe a Thought, but not the Want of one. The *Earl of Essex*,[1] for Instance, is a little Garden of choice Rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one Line so as the preserve its original Beauty. This must account to the Reader for his missing the Names of several of his Acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their Works; for which, if I have not a just Esteem, I can at least say with *Cicero, Quae non contemno, quippè quae nunquam legerim.*[2] However, that the Reader may meet with due Satisfaction in this Point, I have a young Commentator[3] from the University, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our Author, which shall shortly be added as an Appendix to this Work.

[Vignette]

[1] 4TH ED. IT IS VERY DIFFICULT.

Dramatis Personae.[1]

King *Arthur,* A passionate sort of King,[2] Husband to Queen *Dollallolla,* of whom he stands a little in Fear; Father to *Huncamunca,* whom he is very fond of; and in Love with *Glumdalca.*	Mr. *Mullart.*
Tom Thumb the Great, A little Hero with a great Soul, something violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for *Huncamunca.*	Young *Verhuyck.*
Ghost of Gaffar Thumb, A whimsical sort of Ghost.	Mr. *Lacy.*
Lord *Grizzle,* Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very cholerick in his Temper, and in Love with *Huncamunca.*	Mr. *Jones.*
Merlin, A Conjurer, and in some sort Father to *Tom Thumb.*	Mr. *Hallam.*
Noodle,[3] *Doodle,* Courtiers in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.	Mr. *Reynolds.* Mr. *Wathan.*
Foodle, A Courtier that is out of Place, and consequently of that Party that is undermost.	Mr. *Ayres.*
Bailiff, and *Follower,* Of the Party of the Plaintiff.	Mr. *Peterson.* Mr. *Hicks.*
Parson, Of the Side of the Church.	Mr. *Watson.*

WOMEN

Queen *Dollallolla,* Wife to King *Arthur,* and Mother to *Huncamunca,* a Woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to Drink; a little too much a *Virago* towards her Husband, and in Love with *Tom Thumb.* — Mrs. *Mullart.*

The Princess *Huncamunca,* Daughter to their Majesties King *Arthur* and Queen *Dollallolla,* of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous Disposition, equally in Love with Lord *Grizzle* and *Tom Thumb,* and desirous to be married to them both. — Mrs. *Jones.*

Glumdalca,[1] of the Giants, a Captive Queen, belov'd by the King, but in Love with *Tom Thumb.* — Mrs. *Dove.*

Cleora, *Mustacha,* Maids of Honour, in Love with Noodle. Doodle.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE *the Court of King* Arthur, *and a Plain thereabouts.*

[Head-piece]

TOM THUMB *the Great.*

ACT I. SCENE I.[1]

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Doodle, Noodle.

DOODLE.

Sure, such a (*a*) Day as this was never seen !
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines, like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:

(*a*) *Corneille*[2] recommends some very remarkable Day, wherein to fix the Action of a Tragedy. This the best of our Tragical Writers have understood to mean a Day remarkable for the Serenity of the Sky, or what we generally call a fine Summer's Day: So that according to this their Exposition, the same Months are proper for Tragedy, which are proper for Pastoral. Most of our celebrated *English* Tragedies, as *Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane,* &c. begin with their observations on the Morning. *Lee* seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful Description of our Authors;

The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson,
The Flowers all odorous seem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing *Sun ascends,*
The gaudy Earth with an unusual brightness,
All Nature smiles. Caes. Borg.

Massinissa in the new *Sophonisba* is also a Favourite of the Sun;

— The Sun too seems
As conscious of my Joy with broader Eye
To look abroad the World, and all things smile
Like Sophonisba.

This down the Seams embroider'd, that the Beams.
All Nature[1] wears one universal Grin.
Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle,* is a Day
Indeed,[1] (*b*) a Day we never saw before.
The mighty (*c*) *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants[2] crowd his Chariot Wheels,
(*d*) Giants ! to whom the Giants in *Guild-Hall*[3]

Memnon in the *Persian Princess,* makes the Sun decline rising, that he may not peep on Objects, which would prophane his Brightness.

——— ——— *The Morning rises slow,*
And all those ruddy Streaks that us'd to paint
The Days Approach, are lost in Clouds as if
The Horrors of the Night had sent 'em back,
To warn the Sun, he should not leave the Sea,
To Peep, &c.

(*b*) This Line is highly conformable to the beautiful Simplicity[4] of the Antients. It hath been copied by almost every Modern,

Not to be is not to be in Woe. State of Innocence.
Love is not Sin but where 'tis sinful Love. Don Sebastian.
Nature is Nature, Laelius. Sophonisba.
Men are but Men, we did not make our selves. Revenge.

(*c*) Dr. *B—y*[5] reads the mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. *D—s* the mighty Thumping[ii] Thumb. Mr. *T——d* reads Thundering. I think *Thomas* more agreeable to the great Simplicity so apparent in our Author.

(*d*) That learned Historian Mr. *S——n*[6] in the third Number of his Criticism on our Author, takes great Pains to explode this Passage. It is, says he, difficult to guess what Giants are here meant, unless the Giant *Despair* in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* or the Giant *Greatness* in the *Royal Villain*; for I have heard of no other sort of Giants in the Reign of King *Arthur. Petrus Burmanus* makes three *Tom Thumbs,* one whereof he supposes to have been the same Person whom the *Greeks* called *Hercules,* and that by these Giants are to be understood the *Centaurs* slain by that Heroe.[iii] Another *Tom Thumb* he contends to have been no other than the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the Antients. The third *Tom Thumb* he places under the Reign of King *Arthur,* to which third *Tom Thumb,* says he, the Actions of the other two were attributed. Now tho' I know that this Opinion is supported by an Assertion of

[1] Later Eds. Indeed!— A Day
[ii] 4th Ed. Thumbing
[iii] 3d and 5th Eds. Heroe: 4th Ed. Hero:

Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While *Thumb* regardless of their Noise rides on.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When Goody *Thumb* first brought this *Thomas* forth,
The *Genius*[1] of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, Oh *Arthur*! did thy *Genius* reign.

Nood. They tell me it is (*e*) whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero

Justus Lipsius, Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat; yet shall I venture to oppose one Line of Mr. *Midwinter*, against them all,

In Arthur*'s Court* Tom Thumb *did live.*

But then, says Dr. *B—y*, if we place *Tom Thumb* in the Court of King *Arthur*, it will be proper to place that Court out of *Britain*, where no Giants were ever heard of. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another Opinion, where describing *Albion* he says,

——— *Far within a salvage Nation dwelt*
of hideous Giants,

And in the same Canto,

Then Elfar, *who*[1] *two Brethren Giants had,*
The one of which had two Heads ——
The other three.

Risum teneatis, Amici.

(*e*) To Whisper[2] in Books says Mr. *D—s* is errant Nonsense. I am afraid this learned Man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the Word Whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the *Senses Whisp'ring the Soul* in the *Persian Princess*, or what *Whisp'ring like Winds* is in *Aurengzebe*, or like Thunder in another Author, he would have understood this. *Emmeline* in *Dryden* sees a Voice, but she was born blind, which is an Excuse *Panthea* cannot plead in *Cyrus*, who hears a sight.

——— *Your Description will surpass,*
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb Shew of Horror,
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld.

When Mr. *D — s* understands these he will undestand[11] Whisp'ring in Books.

1 4TH. ED. ELFAR, WITH
11 CORRECTED IN LATER IMPRESSION.

By *Merlin's* Art begot, hath not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a Gristle of no mortal kind,
Some God, my *Noodle,* stept into the Place
Of Gaffer *Thumb,* and more than (*f*) half begot,
This mighty *Tom.*

Nood. ———————— (*g*) Sure he was sent Express
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.
Tho' small his Body be, so very small,
A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large;
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse,
(*h*) So doth this Mouse contain a mighty Mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,
(*i*) The Giant Nurses frighten Children with it;
And cry *Tom Thumb* is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the Child away.

Nood. But hark! (*k*) these Trumpets speak the
King's Approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my Petition.

Flourish.

(*f*) —*Some Ruffian stept*[1] *into his Father's Place,*
And more than half begot him. *Mary Q. of Scots.*

(*g*) —*For* Ulamar[2] *seems* sent Express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian *Clime.* Liberty Asserted.

(*h*) *Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest,*[3] says *Scaliger* in *Thumbo.*— I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful Lines in the Earl of *Essex*;

Thy most inveterate Soul,
That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body.

And at those of *Dryden,*

The Palace is without too well design'd,
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind. Aurengzebe.

(*i*) Mr. *Banks*[4] hath copied this almost Verbatim,
It was enough to say, here's Essex *come,*
And Nurses still'd their Children with the fright. E. of *Essex.*

(*k*) The Trumpet in a Tragedy[5] is generally as much as to say enter King: Which makes Mr. *Banks* in one of his Plays call it the Trumpet's formal Sound.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

King. (*l*) Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown withal.
Smile, *Dollalolla* —— Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,[1]
(*m*) Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets?
Queen. (*n*) Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears as certain as Excess of Grief.
King. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
(*o*) 'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;

(*l*) *Phraortes* in the *Captives*[2] seems to have been acquainted with King *Arthur.*

Proclaim a Festival for seven Days space,
Let the Court shine in all its Pomp and Lustre,
Let all our Streets resound with Shouts of Joy;
Let Musick's Care-dispelling Voice be heard,
The sumptuous Banquet, and the flowing Goblet
Shall warm the Cheek, and fill the Heart with Gladness.
Astarbe *shall sit Mistress of the Feast.*

(*m*) *Repentance* frowns *on thy contracted Brow.* Sophonisba.
Hung on his clouded Brow, I mark'd Despair. Ibid.
— A sullen Gloom,
Scowls on his Brow. Busiris.

(*n*) *Plato*[3] is of this Opinion, and so is Mr. *Banks*;
Behold these Tears sprung from fresh Pain and Joy. E. of *Essex.*

(*o*) These Floods[4] are very frequent in the Tragick Authors.
Near to some murmuring Brook I'll lay me down,
Whose Waters if they should too shallow flow,
My Tears shall swell them up till I will drown. Lee's Sophonisba.
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. Mithridates.

Nay, till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me Nothing but the Sea to rule.
Dood. My Liege, I a Petition have here got.
King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Business.[1]
To-day it is our Pleasure to be (*p*) drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as We.
Queen. (Tho' I already (*q*) half Seas over am)
If the capacious Goblet overflow

One Author changes the Waters of Grief to those of Joy,

———*These Tears that sprung from Tides of Grief,*
Are now augmented to a Flood of Joy. Cyrus the Great.

Another,

Turns all the Streams *of Hate, and makes them flow*
In Pity's Channel. Royal Villain.

One drowns himself,

———*Pity like a Torrent* pours *me down;*
Now I am drowning all within a Deluge. Anna Bullen.

Cyrus drowns the whole World,

Our swelling Grief
Shall melt into a Deluge, and the World
Shall drown in Tears. Cyrus the Great.

(*p*) An Expression vastly beneath[2] the Dignity of Tragedy, says Mr. *D——s,* yet we find the Word he cavils at in the Mouth of *Mithridates* less properly used and applied to a more terrible Idea;

I would be drunk with Death. Mithrid.

The Author of the New *Sophonisba* taketh hold of this Monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose,

The Carthaginian *Sword with* Roman *Blood*
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. *D——s* which gives him the best Idea, a drunken King, or a drunken Sword?

Mr. *Tate* dresses up King *Arthur's* Resolution in Heroicks,[1]

Merry, my Lord, o' th' Captain's Humour right,
I am resolv'd to be dead drunk to Night.

Lee also uses this charming Word;

Love's the Drunkenness of the Mind. Gloriana.

(*q*) *Dryden*[3] hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly,

I'm half Seas o'er in Death. Cleom.

[1] 4TH ED. HEROICK;

With *Arrack-Punch*[1]— 'fore *George!* I'll see it out;
Of *Rum,* and *Brandy,* I'll not taste a Drop.
King. Tho' *Rack,* in *Punch,* Eight Shillings be a Quart,[1]
And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the Warrior comes;[2] the Great *Tom Thumb*;[ii]
The little Hero, Giant-killing Boy,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, *to them with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.*

King. (*r*) Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my Arms,
What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,
Your Valour lays upon me.
Queen. ———— ———— (*s*) Oh! ye Gods! [*Aside.*
Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
(*t*) I've done my Duty, and I've done no more.
Queen. Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen! [*Aside.*

(*r*) This Figure[3] is in great use among the Tragedians;
'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. Victim.
I long repent,[iii] *repent and long again.* Busiris.
(*s*) A Tragical Exclamation.
(*t*) This Line[4] is copied verbatim in the *Captives.*

1 In later impression be Quart
ii In later Eds. *Tom Thumb,*
iii Later Eds. I long, repent,

King. Thy Modesty's a (*) Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.
But say, my Boy, where did'st thou leave the Giants?
Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like Nothing but Themselves.
Queen. (*u*) And sure thou art like nothing but thy Self.
King. Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul. [*Aside*
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.[1]
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.
But, Ha! what Form Majestick strikes our Eyes?
(*x*) So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the Gods in Council: So fair she is,
That surely at her Birth the Council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman!
Thumb. Then were the Gods mistaken. — She is not

(*) We find a Candlestick[1] for this Candle in two celebrated Authors;

—— *Each Star withdraws*
His golden Head and burns within the Socket. Nero.
A Soul grown old and sunk into the Socket. Sebastian.

(*u*) This Simile occurs very frequently among the Dramatick Writers of both Kinds.

(*x*) Mr. *Lee* hath stolen[2] this Thought from our Author;

– – – – – *This perfect Face, drawn by the Gods in Council,*
Which they were long a making. Lu. Jun. Brut.
– – – – – *At his Birth, the heavenly Council paus'd,*
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man!

Dryden hath improved this Hint to the utmost Perfection:

So perfect, that the very Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Design! Their Envy hindred,
Or you had been immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Ostentation sake,
To copy out again. All for Love.

Banks prefers the Works of *Michael Angelo* to that of the Gods;

A Pattern for the Gods to make a Man by,
Or Michael Angelo *to form a Statue.*

[1] Later Eds. now before me:

A Woman, but a Giantess — whom we
(*y*) With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the Town: (*z*) for she is by a Foot,
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were.
Glum. We yesterday were both a Queen and Wife,
One hundred thousand Giants own'd our Sway,
Twenty whereof were married to our self.
Queen. Oh! happy State of Giantism — where Husbands
Like Mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.
Glum. But then to lose them all in one black Day,
That the same Sun, which rising, saw me wife
To Twenty Giants, setting, should behold
Me widow'd of them all.—— (*a*) My worn out Heart,
That Ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink.
Queen. ——— Madam, believe,
I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye;
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our Grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall chose[i]
What Husbands you think fit.

(*y*) It is impossible says Mr. *W*——[1] sufficiently to admire this natural easy Line.

(*z*) This Tragedy[2] which in most Points resembles the Antients differs from them in this, that it assigns the same Honour to Lowness of Stature, which they did to Height. The Gods and Heroes in *Homer* and *Virgil* are continually described higher by the Head than their Followers, the contrary of which is observ'd by our Author: In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable, and a Man of three Foot is as wonderful a sight asa[ii] Man of nine.

(*a*) *My Blood leaks fast,*[3] *and the great heavy lading*
My Soul will quickly sink. Mithrid.
My Soul is like a Ship. Injur'd Love.

i CORRECTED IN LATER IMPRESSION.
ii IN LATER IMPRESSION AS A

Glum. ——— (*b*) Madam, I am
Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.
King. Think, mighty Princess, think this Court your own,
Nor think the Landlord me, this House my Inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll Nothing pay.
(*c*) I feel a sudden Pain within my Breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from Love,
Or only the Wind-Cholick. Time must shew.[1]
Oh *Thumb!* What do we to thy Valour owe?
Ask some Reward, great as we can bestow.
Thumb. (*d*) I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer those,
I ask not Money, Money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For Giants slain, and Giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay —— if this be call'd a Debt,
Take my Receipt in full —— I ask but this,
(*e*) To Sun my self in *Huncamunca's* Eyes.
King. Prodigious bold Request. }
Queen. – (*f*) Be still[11] my Soul. } [*Aside.*
Thumb. (*g*) My Heart is at the Threshold of your Mouth,

(*b*) This well-bred Line[1] seems to be copied in the *Persian Princess; To be your humblest, and most faithful Slave.*

(*c*) This Doubt of the King puts me in mind of a Passage in the *Captives,* where the Noise of Feet is mistaken for the Rustling of Leaves,

——— *Methinks I hear*
The sound of Feet
No, 'twas the Wind that shook yon Cypress Boughs.[2]

(*d*) Mr. *Dryden*[3] seems to have had this Passage in his Eye in the first Page of *Love Triumphant.*

(*e*) *Don Carlos* in the Revenge[4] suns himself in the Charms of his Mistress.

While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay.

(*f*) A Tragical Phrase much in use[.][5]

(*g*) This Speech hath been taken[6] to pieces by several Tragical Authors who seem to have rifled it and shared its Beauties among them.

[1] Later Eds. shew,
[11] Later Eds. Be still,

And waits its answer there — Oh! do not frown,
I've try'd, to Reason's Tune,[1] to tune my Soul,
But Love did overwind and crack the String.
Tho' *Jove* in Thunder had cry'd out, You Shan't,[2]
I should have lov'd her still — for oh strange fate,
Then when I lov'd her least, I lov'd her most.[1]

King. It is resolv'd — the Princess is your own.

Thumb. (*h*) Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy, *Thumb!*

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldiers Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb.*

King. *Tom Thumb!* Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb.*
Let *Macedonia, Alexander* boast,
Let *Rome* her *Caesar's* and her *Scipio's* show,
Her Messieurs *France,* let *Holland* boast *Mynheers,*
Ireland her *O's,* her *Mac's* let *Scotland* boast
Let England boast no other than *Tom Thumb.*

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have my Daughter, that is Pos'.

King. Ha! sayst[3] [ii] thou *Dollalolla?*

Queen. —— I say he shan't.

King. (*i*) Then by our Royal Self we swear you lye.

My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breast,
To ravish from thy Lips the welcome News. Anna Bullen.
My Soul stands listning at my Ears. Cyrus the Great.
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring,
But Reason overwinds and cracks the String. D. of Guise.
———— *I should have lov'd*
Tho' Jove *in* muttering *Thunder had forbid it.* New Sophonisba.
And when it (my Heart) *wild resolves to love no more,*
Then is the Triumph of excessive Love. Ibidem.
(*h*) *Massinissa*[4] is one fourth less happy than *Tom Thumb.*
Oh! happy, happy, happy. New Sophonisba.
(*i*) *No by my self.*[5] Anna Bullen.

[1] Later Eds. most!
[ii] 3d and 4th Eds. sayst thou, 5th Ed. sayest thou,

Queen. (*k*) Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,
Would use me as thou dost.[1] Me, who have lain
(*l*) These twenty Years so loving by thy Side.
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang my self,
Then tremble all who did this Match persuade,
(*m*) For riding on a Cat,[11] from high I'll fall,
And squirt down Royal Vengeance on you all.

Food. (*n*) Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion.

King. (*o*) Be she, or be she not — I'll to the Girl
And pave thy Way, oh *Thumb* — Now, by our self,
We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts,
To truckle to her Will — For when by Force
Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Peticoat, and her the Breeches.

Thumb. (*p*) Whisper, ye Winds, that *Huncamunca*'s mine;
Echoes repeat, that *Huncamunca*'s mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils,
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

(*k*) ——— ——— *Who caus'd*[1]
This dreadful Revolution in my Fate,
Ulamar. *Who but a Dog, who but a Dog.* Liberty Asserted

(*l*) ——— ——— *A Bride,*[2]
Who twenty Years lay loving *by your Side.* Banks.

(*m*) *For born*[3] *upon a Cloud, from high I'll fall,*
And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all. Albion Queen.

(*n*) An Information very like this we have in the *Tragedy of Love,* where *Cyrus* having stormed in the most violent manner, *Cyaxares* observes very calmly,

Why,[4] *Nephew* Cyrus — *you are mov'd.*

(*o*) *'Tis*[5] *in your Choice,*
Love me, or love me not. Conquest of Granada.

(*p*) There is not one Beauty[6] in this Charming Speech, but hath been borrowed by almost every Tragick Writer.

[1] Later Eds. dost?
[11] Later Eds. Cat from high

So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Hath through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Hands and Face he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdusta* lies.

SCENE IV.

Grizzle *solus.*

(*q*) Where art thou *Grizzle?*[1] where are now thy Glories?
Where are the Drums that waken'd thee to Honour?
Greatness is a lac'd Coat from *Monmouth-Street,*
Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's Back.
The spiteful Sun but yesterday survey'd
His Rival, high as Saint *Paul's* Cupola;
Now may he see me as *Fleet-Ditch* laid low[.]

SCENE V.

Queen, Grizzle.

Queen. (*r*) Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded
Grizzle.[11]
Mountain of Treason, ugly as the Devil,

(*q*) Mr. *Banks*[1] has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of *Grizzle* in his *Earl of Essex.*

Where art thou Essex, &c.

(*r*) The Countess of *Nottingham*[2] in the *Earl of Essex* is apparently acquainted with *Dollalolla.*

1 LATER EDS. *Grizzle!*
11 5TH ED. GRIZZLE,

Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine,
To spout forth Words malicious as thy self,
Words, which might shame all *Billingsgate* to speak.
Griz. Far be it from my Pride, to think my Tongue
Your Royal Lips can in that Art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would scold?
Queen. Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.
Griz. I heard it, I confess — for who, alas!
(*s*) Can always stop his Ears — but wou'd my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.
Queen. Would I had heard at the still Noon of Night,
The Hallaloo of Fire in every Street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang my self,
To think I shou'd a Grandmother be made
By such a Raskal. ——— Sure the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd. ——— O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To see him from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
Or can, Oh can! my *Huncamunca* bear,
To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms?
Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror![1] cease my Queen,
(*t*) Thy Voice like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.
Queen. Then rouse thy Spirit — we may yet prevent
This hated Match.————

(*s*) *Grizzle* was not probably possessed of that Glew,[2] of which Mr. *Banks* speaks in his *Cyrus.*

I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry Word.

(*t*) *Screech-Owls,*[3] *dark Ravens and amphibious Monsters,*
Are screaming in that Voice. Mary Q. of Scots.

Griz. ——— We will[1] (*u*) not Fate it self,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb,* should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the Man whom (*x*) smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?

Griz. (*y*) Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

(*u*) The Reader may see all the Beauties of this Speech in a late Ode called the *Naval Lyrick.*[1]

(*x*) This Epithet to a Dolphin doth not give one so clear an Idea as were to be wished, a smiling Fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying Fish. Mr. Dryden is of Opinion, that smiling is the Property of Reason, and that no irrational Creature can smile.

Smiles[2] *not allowed to Beasts from Reason move.*
State of Innocence.

(*y*) These Lines are written in the same Key with those in the *Earl of Essex*;

Why[3] *sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed*
I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in *Cyrus*;

The most[4] *heroick Mind that ever was.*

And with above half of the modern Tragedies.

[1] Later impression We will, later Eds. We will;

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traitor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb.*
Go, Sirrah! go, (*z*) hie away! hie! —— thou art,[1]
A setting Dog be gone.
Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done.

SCENE VI.

Queen *sola.*

And whither shall I go? ——— Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb* —— but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman,[1] when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't ——— I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb.*

(*z*) *Aristotle*[2] in that excellent Work of his which is very justly stiled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the Terms of Art, however coarse or indecent they may be. Mr. *Tate* is of the same Opinion.

Bru. *Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Course about,*
Your Game flies fair.
Fra. *Do not fear it.*
He answers you in your own *Hawking Phrase.*
Injur'd Love.

I think these two great Authorities are sufficient to justify *Dollalolla* in the use of the Phrase ——*Hie away hie*; when in the same Line she says she is speaking to a setting Dog.

[1] Later Eds. thou art
A setting Dog, be gone.

(*zz*) Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold! —— perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine:
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So, when some Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell's*[1] sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging she's content:
She hopes in time to ease her present Pain,
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.

The End of the First ACT.

[Vignette]

(*zz*) We meet[2] with such another Pair of Scales in *Dryden's* King *Arthur.*

Arthur *and* Oswald *and their different Fates,*
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heav'n.

Also in *Sebastian.*

This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales.

[Head-piece]

ACT II. SCENE I.[1]

SCENE *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bail. COME on,[2] my trusty Follower, come on,
This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
A Double Mug of Beer,[1] and Beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this Way must *Noodle* pass.
Follow. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every Word
Inspires my Soul with Virtue.—— Oh! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street — and nab him;
To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,
And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.
Bail. There, when I have him, I will spunge upon him.
(*a*) Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho it be in Thought!
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.
Follow. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our Prey approaches.
Bail. Let us retire.

(*a*) Mr. *Rowe*[3] is generally imagin'd to have taken some Hints from this Scene in his Character of *Bajazet*; but as he, of all the Tragick Writers, bears the least Resemblance to our Author in his Diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this Particular.

[1] Later Eds. Beer and Beer

SCENE II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me my *Noodle,* I am wondrous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca,*
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh! —— (*b*) but swear thoul't[1] keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale[1] will make thee stare.
Nood. I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms.
Thumb. Then know —— (*c*) my Grand-mamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage.
Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma;
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every Kiss.[2]
Thumb. Oh! *Noodle,* thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;[3]
Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.[ii]
Whole Days,[4] and Nights, and Years shall be too short

(*b*) This Method of surprizing an Audience by raising their Expectation to the highest Pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practis'd with great Success by most of our Tragical Authors.

(*c*) *Almeyda* in *Sebastian*[5] is in the same Distress;

Sometimes methinks I hear the Groan of Ghosts,
Thin hollow Sounds and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Echo from afar,
My Mother's Voice that cries, wed not Almeyda
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, *Marriage is thy Crime.*

[1] 5TH ED. THOU'LT
[ii] LATER EDS. LOVE:

For our Enjoyment, every Sun shall rise
(*d*) Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

Nood. Oh Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you.

Nood. At whose Suit is it?

Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.
Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.

Thumb. Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will suffer this Disgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his Anger by his Sword.
[*Kills the Bailiff and his Follower.*

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Follow. I am murthered also,
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

Nood. (*e*) Go then to Hell, like Rascals as you are,
And give our Service to the Bailiffs there.

(*d*) As very well he may if he hath any Modesty in him, says Mr. *D—s*[i] The Author of *Busiris*, is extremely zealous to prevent the Sun's blushing at any indecent object; and therefore on all such Occasions he addresses himself to the Sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more,[1] *O Sun! let Night prevail,*
Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene. Busiris.
Sun hide thy Face and put the World in Mourning. Ibid.

Mr. *Banks* makes the Sun perform the Office of *Hymen*; and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a Sight;

The Sun[2] *sets forth like a gay Brideman with you.*
Mary Q. of Scots.

(*e*) *Nourmahal*[3] sends the same Message to Heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us, to our Friends above. Aurengzebe.

We find another to Hell, in the *Persian* Princess;

Villian, get thee down
To Hell, and tell them that the Frays[ii] *begun.*

[i] *D — s.* THE AUTHOR OF *Busiris* IS EXTREMELY—IN LATER IMPRESSION AND ALSO LATER EDS.

[ii] LATER IMPRESSION AND LATER EDS. FRAY'S

Thumb. Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
Till Debtors at Noon-Day shall walk the Streets,
And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

SCENE III.

The Princess Huncamunca*'s Apartment.*
Huncamunca, Cleora,[1] Mustacha.

Hunc. (*f*) Give me some Musick — see that it be sad.

Cleora *sings.*

Cupid, *ease a Love-sick Maid,*
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.

Hunc. (*g*) O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*
Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Race?
Why had not mighty *Bantam*[2] been thy Father?
Or else the King of *Brentford, Old* or *New*?

Must. I am surpriz'd that your highness can give your self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow, (*h*) *Tom Thumb the Great* — One properer for a Play-thing,

(*f*) *Anthony*[3] gives the same Command in the same Words.

(*g*) Oh! *Marius, Marius*;[4] wherefore art thou *Marius*?
Otway*'s* Marius.

(*h*) Nothing is more common[5] than these seeming Contradictions; such as,

Haughty Weakness. Victim.
Great small World. Noah's Flood.

than a Husband.—— Were he my Husband, his Horns should be as long as his Body.—— If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it —— If you had fallen in love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my *Mustacha,* on thy Duty cease.
The *Zephyr,*[1] when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

Must. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband—— Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks so little like a Man —— He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeness is unseasonable, desist;
Or, I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the King.

SCENE IV.

King[1] Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.
[*Ex.* Cleora, *and* Mustacha.
Daughter, I have observ'd of late[2] some Grief,
Unusual in your Countenance — your Eyes,
(*i*) That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew

(*i*) *Lee*[3] hath improv'd this Metaphor.
Dost thou not view Joy peeping from my Eyes,
The Casements open'd wide to gaze on thee;[11]
So Rome's *glad Citizens to Windows rise,*
When they some young Triumpher fain would see. Gloriana.

[1] Later Eds. *King,*
[11] Later Eds. on thee?

The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,
Have now two Blinds before them — What is the Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not my self,
That once I eat[1] two Fowls and half a Pig;
(*k*) Small is that Praise; but oh! a Maid may want,
What she can neither eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. (*l*) O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.
Whose Name in *Terrâ Incognitâ* is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

(*k*) *Almahide*[2] hath the same Contempt for these Appetites;

To eat and drink can no Perfection be.

Conquest of Granada.

The Earl of *Essex* is of a different Opinion, and seems to place the chief Happiness of a General therein.

Were but Commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat. Banks's Earl of Essex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the Devil himself; we shall find Eating to be an Affair of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their Food.

Lucifer in the State of Innocence.

(*l*) This Expression is enough[3] of it self (says Mr. *D—s*) utterly to destroy the Character of *Huncamunca*; yet we find a Woman of no abandon'd Character in *Dryden*, adventuring farther and thus excusing her self;

To speak our Wishes first, forbid it Pride,
Forbid it Modesty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not, when we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on. Cleomenes.

Cassandra speaks before she is asked. *Huncamunca* afterwards.
Cassandra speaks her Wishes to her Lover.
Huncamunca *only to her Father.*

Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?
King. *Tom Thumb.*
Hunc. Is it possible?
King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
(*m*) A Country Dance[1] of Joy is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.
Hunc. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.[2]
King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,
A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.
Hunc. Oh! happy Sound! henceforth, let no one tell,
That *Huncamunca* shall lead Apes in Hell.[3]
Oh! I am over-joy'd!
King. I see thou art.
(*n*) Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy Brows;
Transports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,
As Small-shot thro' a Hedge.
Hunc. Oh! say not small.
King. This happy News shall on our Tongue ride Post,
Our self will bear the happy News to *Thumb.*
Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms
Must still detain the Hero from his Arms;
Various his Duty, various his Delight;

(*m*) *Her Eyes*[4] *resistless Magick bear,*
Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.

Lee's Sophonisba.

(*n*) Mr. *Dennis*[5] in that excellent Tragedy, call'd *Liberty Asserted,* which is thought to have given so great a Stroke to the late *French* King, hath frequent Imitations of this beautiful Speech of King *Arthur*;

Conquest light'ning in his Eyes, and thund'ring in his Arm.
Joy lighten'd in her Eyes.
Joys like Light'ning dart along my Soul.

Now is his Turn to kiss, and now to fight;
And now to kiss again. So, mighty (*o*) *Jove,*
When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit — and then,
Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring, back again.

SCENE V.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

(*p*) *Griz.* Oh! *Huncamunca, Huncamunca,* oh,[1]
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;[1]
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca!* oh!
Hunc. Ha! do'st thou know me, Princess as I am,
*That thus of me you dare to make your Game.
Griz. Oh *Huncamunca,* well I know that you
A Princess are, and a King's Daughter too.

(*o*) Jove[2] *with excessive Thund'ring tir'd above,*
Comes down for Ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to Thund'ring goes again.
Gloriana.

(*p*) This beautiful Line,[3] which ought, says Mr. *W*—— to be written in Gold, is imitated in the New *Sophonisba*;
Oh! *Sophonisba, Sophonisba,* oh!
Oh! *Narva, Narva,* oh!
The Author of a Song call'd Duke upon Duke,[4] hath improv'd it.
Alas! O Nick, *O* Nick, *alas!*
Where, by the help of a little false Spelling, you have two Meanings in the repeated Words.

**Edith,* in the *Bloody Brother,* speaks to her Lover in the same familiar Language.
Your Grace[5] *is full of Game.*

[1] Later Eds. oh!

But Love no Meanness scorns, no Grandeur fears,
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy Porter come up Stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca,* oh!

Hunc. But granting all you say of Love were true,
My Love, alas! is to another due!
In vain to me, a Suitoring you come;
For I'm already promis'd to *Tom Thumb.*

Griz. And can my Princess such a Durgen wed,
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthless Baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy Arms and never flinch,
Who am a Man by *Jupiter* ev'ry Inch.
(*q*) Then while in Joys together lost we lie
I'll press thy Soul while Gods stand wishing by.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove
All Obstacles of Promise you remove;
For all Engagements to a Man must fall,
Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all.

Griz. Oh let him seek some Dwarf, some fairy Miss,
Where no Joint-stool must lift him to the Kiss.
But by the Stars and Glory, you appear
Much fitter for a *Prussian* Grenadier;[1]
One Globe alone, on *Atlas*[1] Shoulders rests,
Two Globes[2] are less than *Huncamunca's* Breasts:
The Milky-way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy Breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, Sir, so strong your Eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.

(*q*) *Traverse*[3] *the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,*
Born on a Cloud in view of Fate I'll lie,
And press her Soul while Gods stand wishing by. Hannibal.

[1] Later Eds. Atlas'

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the (*r*) Sound
From one Pole[1] to another Pole rebound;
The Earth and Sky, each be a Battledoor
And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;
To *Doctors Commons,* for a License I,
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh no! lest some Disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.[2]

Griz. Forbid it, all ye Powers, a Princess should
By that vile Place, contaminate her Blood;
My quick Return shall to my Charmer prove,
I travel on the (*s*) Post-Horses of Love.

Hunc. Those Post-Horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the Gods, when they
Ride on behind that Post-Boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Thumb. Where is my Princess, where's my *Huncamunca?*
Where are those Eyes, those Cardmatches of Love,

(*r*) *Let the four Winds*[3] *from distant Corners meet,*
And on their Wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina*'s proud Walls,*
Till Victim to the Sound th' aspiring City falls.
Albion Queen.[1]

(*s*) I do not remember[4] any Metaphors so frequent in the Tragick Poets as those borrow'd from Riding Post;
The Gods and Opportunity ride Post. Hannibal.
——— *Let's rush together,*
For Death rides Post. Duke of Guise.
Destruction gallops to thy murther Post. Gloriana.

[1] Later Eds. Queens.

That (*t*) Light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Where is that Face which artful Nature made.[1]
(*u*) In the same Moulds where *Venus* self was cast?

(*t*) This Image[1] too very often occurs;

—— *Bright as when thy Eye*
'First lighted up our Loves. Aurengzebe.
This not a Crown alone lights up my Name. Busiris.

(*u*) There is great Dissension[2] among the Poets concerning the Method of making Man. One tells his Mistress that the Mold she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. *Lucifer,* in *Dryden,* gives a merry Description of his own Formation;

Whom Heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for Number to the rest.
State of Innocency.

In one Place, the same Poet supposes Man to be made of Metal;

I was form'd
Of that coarse Metal, which when she was made,
The Gods threw by for Rubbish. All for Love.

In another, of Dough;

When the Gods moulded up the Paste of Man,
Some of their Clay was left upon their Hands,
And so they made Egyptians. Cleomenes.

In another of Clay;

——————*Rubbish of remaining Clay.* Sebastian.

One makes the Soul of Wax;

Her waxen Soul begins to melt apace. Anna Bullen.

Another of Flint.

Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former Beings, or struck out together,
One Spark to Africk *flew, and one to* Portugal. Sebastian.

To omit the great Quantities of Iron, Brazen and Leaden Souls which are so plenty in modern Authors —— I cannot omit the Dress of a Soul as we find it in *Dryden*;

Souls shirted but with Air. King Arthur.

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of Soul in a particular sort of Description, in the New *Sophonisba.*

Ye mysterious Powers,
— Whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,
Or on the Mountains walk; give me the calm,
The steady smiling Soul, where Wisdom sheds
Eternal Sun-shine, and eternal Joy.

[1] Later Eds. made In the

Hunc. (*x*) Oh! What is Musick to the Ear that's deaf,
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no taste?
What are these Praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another?
Thumb. Ha! promis'd.
Hunc. Too sure; it's written in the Book of Fate[.]
Thumb. (*y*) Then I will tear away the Leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,
I'll blot[1] it out at least.

SCENE VII.

Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Glum. (*z*) I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca,*
Your Brandy Nose proclaims ———
Hunc. I am a Princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.
Glum. A Giantess;
The Queen of those who made and unmade Queens.
Hunc. The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty Giants.

(*x*) This Line Mr. *Banks*[1] has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen.*

(*y*) *Good Heaven,*[2] *the Book of Fate before me lay,*
But to tear out the Journal of that Day.
Or if the Order of the World below,
Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her Vow.
Conquest of Granada.

(*z*) I know some of the Commentators have imagined, that Mr. *Dryden,* in the *Altercative*[3] Scene between *Cleopatra* and *Octavia,* a Scene which Mr. *Addison* inveighs against with great Bitterness, is much beholden to our Author. How just this their Observation is, I will not presume to determine.

[1] 5TH ED. BLOAT

Glum. Your Sweetheart? do'st thou think the Man, who once
Hath worn my easy Chains, will e'er wear thine?
Hunc. Well may your Chains be easy, since if Fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.
(*z*) The Glove or Boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the Hand or Foot.
Glum. I glory in the Number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine.
Hunc. Let me see nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.
[*Holds a Candle to her Face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil.
Glum. You'd give the best of Shoes within your Shop,
To be but half so handsome.
Hunc. — Since you come
(*a*) To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Test;
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.
Glum. Oh! stay, *Tom Thumb,* and you alone shall fill
That Bed where twenty Giants us'd to lie.
Thumb. In the Balcony that o'er-hangs the Stage,
I've seen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;

(*z*) A cobling Poet[1] indeed, says Mr. *D.* and yet I believe we may find as monstrous Images in the Tragick-Authors: I'll put down one;

Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a Bride's Hair. Injur'd Love.

Which Lines seem to have as much Title to a Milliner's Shop, as our Author's to a Shoemaker's.

(*a*) Mr. *L*—[2] takes occasion[1] in this Place to commend the great Care of our Author to preserve the Metre of Blank Verse, in which *Shakespear, Johnson* and *Fletcher* were so notoriously negligent; and the Moderns, in Imitation of our Author, so laudably observant;

——— *Then does*
Your Majesty believe that he can be
A Traitor! Earl of Essex.

Every Page of *Sophonisba* gives us Instances of this Excellence.

[1] 5TH ED. AN OCCASION

One half a Crown does in in[i] his Fingers hold,
The other shews a little Piece of Gold;
She the Half Guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser Coin.
Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd[1] for such a Chit as this;
(*b*) I feel[ii] the Storm that's rising in my Mind,
Tempests, and Whirlwinds rise, and rowl and roar.
I'm all within a Hurricane, as if
(*c*) The World's four Winds were pent within my Carcass.
(*d*) Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death.[iii]

SCENE VIII.

King Glumdalca.[iv]

King. *Sure never was so sad a King as I,
(*e*) My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat
A Beggar wears; a Prince should put it off,

(*b*) *Love mounts*[2] *and rowls about my stormy Mind.* Aurengzebe.
Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' my Bosom move. Cleom.
(*c*) *With such a furious*[3] *Tempest on his Brow,*
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His blustring Carcase. Anna Bullen.
(*d*) Verba Tragica.[4]
* This Speech hath[v] been terribly maul'd by the Poets.
(*e*) —— *My Life is worn*[5] *to Rags.*
Not worth a Prince's wearing. Love Triumph.

i Later Eds. corrected.
ii 4th Ed. fell
iii 4th and 5th Eds. Death!
iv Later Eds. King, Glumdalca.
v 5th Ed. has been

(*f*) To love a Captive and a Giantess.
Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!
My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou Trumpetest,
Unknown to me, within me. (*g*) oh *Glumdalca!*
Heaven thee design'd a Giantess to make,
But an Angelick Soul was shuffled in.
(*h*) I am a Multitude of Walking Griefs,
And only on her Lips the Balm is found,
(*i*) To spread a Plaister that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?[1]

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

(*k*) *Glum.* Ah Wretched Queen!

(*f*) *Must I beg*[2] *the Pity of my Slave?*
Must a King beg! But Love's a greater King,
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me.
He tunes the Organ of my Voice and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me. Sebastian.

(*g*) *When thou wer't form'd,*[3] *Heaven did a Man begin;*
But a Brute Soul by chance was shuffled in. Aurengzebe.

——— ——— *I am a Multitude.*[4]

(*h*) *Of walking Griefs.* New Sophonisba.

(*i*) *I will take*[5] *thy Scorpion Blood,*
And lay it to my Grief till I have Ease. Anna Bullen.

(*k*) Our Author,[6] who every where shews his great Penetration into human Nature, here outdoes himself: Where a less judicious Poet would have raised a long Scene of whining Love. He who understood the Passions better, and that so violent an Affection as this must be too big for Utterance, chooses rather to send his Characters off in this sullen and doleful manner: In which admirable Conduct he is imitated by the Author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice.* Dr. *Young* seems to point at this Violence of Passion;

——— ——— ——— *Passion choaks*
Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair,

And *Seneca* tells us, *Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* The Story of the *Egyptian* King in *Herodotus* is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious Reader to the excellent *Montagne,* who hath written an Essay on this Subject.

King. Oh ! Wretched King!
Glum. Ah!
King. Oh! [*l*]

SCENE IX.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Parson.[1]

Parson. Happy's the Wooing, that's not long adoing;
For if I guess aright,[1] *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a New *Tom Thumb.*
Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.
Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.
Thumb. It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well:
(*m*) I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
(*n*) I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

(*l*) *To part is Death*[2] ———
——— ——— ——— *'Tis Death to part.*
——— ——— ——— *Ah.*
——— ——— ——— *Oh.* Don Carlos

(*m*) *Nor know I whether.*[3]
What am I, who or where, Busiris.
I was I know not what, and am I know not how. Gloriana.

(*n*) To understand[4] sufficiently the Beauty of this Passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every Man to contain two Selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from Philosophy, which the Poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;
Let me demand your Majesty?[ii]
Why fly you from your self.[iii] Duke of Guise.
In a 2*d.* One Self is a Guardian to the other;
Leave me the Care of me. Conquest of Granada.

[i] 4TH AND 5TH EDS. RIGHT,
[ii] LATER EDS. MAJESTY,
[iii] LATER EDS. SELF?

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Sempstress once, they say,
Her Needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,
For ah, the Needle was for ever gone.

Parson. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs.*
(*p*) So when the *Cheshire* Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds.[1]
By thousands, and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

Again, *My self am to my self less near.* Ibid.
In the same, the first Self is proud of the second;
I my self am proud of me.
State of Innocence.

In a 3*d.* Distrustful of him;
Fain I would tell, but whisper it in mine Ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not my self.
Earl of Essex

In a 4*th.* Honours him;
I honour Rome,
But honour too my self. Sophonisba.
In a 5*th.* At Variance with him;
Leave me not thus at Variance with my self. Busiris.
Again, in a 6*th.* *I find my self divided from my self.*
Medea.
She seemed the sad Effigies of her self. Banks.
Assist me, Zulema, *if thou would'st be*
The Friend thou seemest, assist me against me.
Albion Queens.

From all which it appears, that there are two Selfs; and therefore *Tom Thumb*'s losing himself is no such Solecism as it hath been represented by Men, rather ambitious of Criticizing, than qualify'd to Criticize.

(*p*) Mr. *F*——[1] imagines this Parson to have been a *Welsh* one from his Simile.

[1] Later Eds. succeeds:

SCENE X.

Noodle, *and then* Grizzle.

Nood. (*q*) Sure Nature means to break her solid Chain,
Or else unfix the World, and in a Rage,
To hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges;
All things are so confus'd, the King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess married is.
Griz. Oh! *Noodle,* hast thou *Huncamunca* seen?
Nood. I've seen a Thousand[1] Sights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful Bitch herself outdone,
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.
Griz. (*r*) D—n your Delay, you Trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one Word but *Huncamunca.*
Nood. By this time she is married to *Tom Thumb.*
Griz. (*s*) My *Huncamunca.*
Nood. Your *Huncamunca.*
Tom Thumb's *Huncamunca,* every Man's *Huncamunca.*
Griz. If this be true all Womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be so my self.
Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a Word

(*q*) Our Author[2] hath been plunder'd here according to Custom;
Great Nature break thy Chain *that links together,*[1]
The Fabrick of the World and makes a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul. Love Triumphant.
——— *Startle Nature, unfix the Globe,*
And hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges. Albion Queens.
The tott'ring Earth seems sliding off its Props.
(*r*) *D—n your Delay,*[3] *ye Torturers proceed,*
I will not hear one Word but Almahide. Conq. of Granada.
(*s*) Mr. *Dryden*[4] hath imitated this in *All for Love.*

[1] Later Eds. together The Fabrick

Against that Face, upon whose (*t*) ample Brow,
Sits Innocence with Majesty Enthron'd.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

Griz. Where has my *Huncamunca* been? See here
The Licence in my Hand!
Hunc. Alas! *Tom Thumb.*
Griz. Why dost thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah![i] me Tom Thumb.
Griz. What means my lovely *Huncamunca*?
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Oh! Speak.
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Ha! your every Word is Hum.[ii]
(*u*) You force me still to answer you *Tom Thumb.*
Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,
(*x*) *Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb,* you love
the Name;
So pleasing is that Sound, that were you dumb
You still would find a Voice to cry[iii] *Tom Thumb.*
Hunc. Oh! Be not hasty to proclaim my Doom,
My ample Heart for more than one has Room,
A Maid like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,
(*y*) I married him, and now I'll marry you.

(*t*) This Miltonick[1] Stile abounds in the New *Sophonisba.*
——— *And on her ample Brow*
Sat Majesty.
(*u*) *Your ev'ry Answer,*[2] *still so ends in that,*
You force me still to answer you Morat. Aurengzebe.
(*x*) Morat, Morat, Morat, *you love the Name.* Aurengzebe.
(*y*) Here is a Sentiment[3] for the virtuous *Huncamunca* (says Mr. *D—s*) and yet with the leave of this great Man, the Virtuous *Panthea* in *Cyrus,* hath an Heart every Whit as ample;

[i] Later Eds. Ah me!
[ii] Later Eds. is Hum:
[iii] Later Eds. to cry,

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy Falshood to my Face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy Husband's place,
Since to that Office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single Dish on,
Go, get your Husband put into Commission,
Commissioners to discharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,
The Duty of a Husband to your Highness;
Yet think not long, I will my Rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the slighted Willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding Tempest[1] now confin'd,
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind.[1]
In dreadful Whirl, shall rowl along the Coasts,
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boasts,
(*z*) And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghosts.
(*) So have I seen, in some dark Winter's Day,
A sudden Storm rush down the Sky's High-Way,
Sweep thro' the Streets with terrible ding dong,
Gush thro' the Spouts, and wash whole Crowds along.

For two I must confess are Gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus *first, and thee.* Cyrus the Great.

Nor is the Lady in *Love Triumphant*; more reserv'd, tho' not so intelligible;

——— *I am so divided,*
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

(*z*) A ridiculous supposition[2] to any one, who considers the great and extensive Largeness of Hell, says a Commentator: But not so to those who consider the great Expansion of immaterial Substance. Mr. *Banks* makes one Soul to be so expanded that Heaven could not contain it;

The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul. Virtue Betray'd.

The *Persian Princess* hath a Passage not unlike the Author of this;

We will send such Shoals of murther'd Slaves,
Shall glut Hell's empty Regions.

This threatens to fill Hell even tho' it were empty; Lord *Grizzle* only to fill up the Chinks, supposing the rest already full.

(*) Mr. *Addison*[3] is generally thought to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third Act of his *Cato.*

1 Later Eds. Mind,

The crowded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,
Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,
And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is seen.

Hunc. Oh! fatal Rashness should his Fury slay,
My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding Day;
I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed;
(†) So have I seen some wild unsettled Fool,
Who had her Choice of this, and that Joint Stool;
To give the Preference to either, loath
And fondly coveting to sit on both:
While the two Stools her Sitting Part confound,
Between 'em both fall Squat upon the Ground.

The End of the Second ACT.

[Vignette]

(†) This beautiful Simile[1] is founded on a Proverb, which does Honour to the *English* Language;

Between two Stools the Breech falls to the Ground.

I am not so pleased[1] with any written Remains of the Ancients, as with those little Aphorisms, which verbal Tradition hath delivered down to us, under the Title of Proverbs. It were to be wished that instead of filling their Pages with the fabulous Theology of the Pagans, our modern Poets would think it worth their while to enrich their Works with the Proverbial Sayings of their Ancestors. Mr. *Dryden* hath chronicl'd one in Heroick;

Two ifs scarce make one Possibility. Conquest of Granada.

My Lord *Bacon* is of Opinion, that whatever is known of Arts and Sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of *Solomon*. I am of the same Opinion in relation to those abovemention'd: At least I am confident that a more perfect System of Ethicks, as well as Oeconomy, might be compiled out of them, than is at present extant, either in the Works of the Antient Philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous, ones of the modern Divines.

[1] Later Eds. so well pleased

[Head-piece]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *King* Arthur's *Palace.*

(*a*) Ghost *solus.*

HAIL ! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Midnoon !
Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!
And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whose hoarse Throats
Th' Immortal Ghosts dread Croakings counterfeit,
All Hail!—— Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in Fire;
Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,
To the (*b*) loud Musick of the silent Bell,
All Hail!

(*a*) Of all the Particulars[1] in which the modern Stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented, as the great Scarcity of Ghosts in the latter. Whence this proceeds, I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the Moderns are unequal to that sublime Language which a Ghost ought to speak. One says ludicrously, That Ghosts are out of Fashion; another, That they are properer for Comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that *Aristotle* hath told us, That a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy; for so I render the ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς[1] τραγωδίας, which M. *Dacier,* amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose mis-led, by not understanding the *Fabula* of the *Latins,* which signifies a *Ghost* as well as a *Fable.*

—————— *Te premet nox, fabulaeque Manes.* Hor.

Of all the Ghosts that have ever appeared on the Stage, a very learned and judicious foreign Critick, gives the Preference to this of our Author. These are his Words, speaking of this Tragedy;

——— *Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quam Phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis Spectris, quibuscum scatet Anglorum Tragoedia, longè (pace D—— isii V. Doctiss. dixerim) praetulerim.*

(*b*) We have already[2] given Instances of this Figure.

[1] In original text -ος in μῦθος and τῆς are abbreviated, being represented by single characters.

SCENE II.

King, *and* Ghost.

King. What Noise is this?—— What Villain dares,
At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,
Disturb our Royal Walls?

Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty Power to hurt him; (*c*) one who dares
Walk in thy Bed-Chamber.

King. Presumptuous Slave!
Thou diest:

Ghost. Threaten others with that Word,
(*d*) I am a Ghost, and am already dead.

King. Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy last Hour to come,

(*c*) *Almanzor*[1] reasons in the same manner;[i]

——— —— ——— *A Ghost I'll be*
And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free.

Conq. of *Granada.*

(*d*) *The Man who writ*[2] *this wretched Pun* (says Mr. *D.*) *would have picked your Pocket:* Which he proceeds to shew, not only bad in it self, but doubly so on so solemn an Occasion. And yet in that excellent Play of *Liberty Asserted,* we find something very much resembling a Pun in the Mouth of a Mistress, who is parting with the Lover she is fond of;

Ul. *Oh, mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewel.*
Irene. *The Gods have given to others to farewel.*[ii]
O miserably must Irene *fair.*[iii]

Agamemnon, in the *Victim,* is full as facetious on the most solemn Occasion, that of Sacrificing his Daughter;

Yes, Daughter, yes; you will assist the Priest;
Yes, you must offer up your —— Vows for Greece.

[i] 5TH ED. IN SAME MANNER;
[ii] LATER EDS. TO FARE WELL
[iii] LATER EDS. FARE

This Moment had been it; (*e*) yet by thy Shrowd
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a Bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy Nothingness away.

[*Ghost retires.*

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well.[1]
(*f*) I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy Life —— Why say I that,
Since Life thou hast not? — Dare not walk again,
Within these Walls, on pain of the *Red-Sea.*[1]
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid——

Ghost. Were the *Red-Sea,* a Sea of *Holland's* Gin,
The Liquor (when alive) whose very Smell
I did detest, did loath — yet for the Sake
Of *Thomas Thumb,* I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my Liege, I said *Tom Thumb,*
Whose Father's Ghost I am —— once not unknown
To mighty *Arthur.* But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest Friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer *Thumb.*
Oh! let me press thee in my eager Arms,
Thou best of Ghosts! Thou something more than Ghost!

(*e*) *I'll pull thee backwards*[2] *by thy Shrowd to Light,*
Or else, I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there,
And make thee groan thy self away to Air.

Conquest of *Granada.*

Snatch me, ye Gods, this Moment into Nothing.

Cyrus the Great.

(*f*) *So, art thou gone?*[3] *Thou canst no Conquest boast,*
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost.

Conquest of *Granada.*

King *Arthur* seems to be as brave a Fellow as *Almanzor,* who says most heroically,

——— ——— *In spight of Ghosts, I'll on.*

[1] 5TH ED. 'TIS WELL,

Ghost. Would I were Something more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.
But now I have th' Advantage of my King,
(*g*) For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.
King. But say, (*h*) thou dearest Air, Oh! say, what Dread,
Important Business sends thee back to Earth?
Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear — which, but to hear,
Is full enough to send thy Spirit hence.
Thy Subjects up in Arms, by *Grizzle* led,
Will, ere the rosy finger'd Morn shall ope
The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate
Of this thy Royal Palace, swarming spread:
(*i*) So have I seen the Bees[1] in Clusters swarm,
So have I seen the Stars in frosty Nights,
So have I seen the Sand in windy Days,
So have I seen the Ghosts[1] on *Pluto's* Shore
So have I seen the Flowers in Spring arise,
So have I seen the Leaves in *Autumn* fall,
So have I seen the Fruits in Summer smile
So have I seen the Snow in Winter frown.
King. D—n all thou'st seen! —— Dost thou, beneath the Shape
Of Gaffer *Thumb,* come hither to abuse me,[11]

(*g*) The Ghost of *Lausaria*[2] in *Cyrus* is a plain Copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'st as well grasp Water, or fleet Air,
As think of touching my immortal Shade. *Cyrus* the Great.

(*h*) *Thou better*[3] *Part of heavenly Air.* Conquest of *Granada.*

(*i*) *A String of Similies* (says one) *proper to be hung up in the Cabinet of a Prince.*

[1] 4TH AND 5TH EDS. GHOST
[11] LATER EDS. ABUSE ME WITH SIMILES

With Similies to keep me on the Rack?
Hence ——— or by all the Torments of thy Hell,
(*l*)[1] I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'st none.
Ghost. *Arthur,* beware; I must this Moment hence,
Not frighted by your Voice, but by the Cocks;
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd To-day,
To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

SCENE III.[1]

King *solus.*

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilst thou tellest me what's like my Fate,
Oh, teach me how I may avert it too!
Curst be the Man who first a Simile made!
Curst, ev'ry Bard who writes! ——— So have I seen
Those whose Comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation
Can furnish out no Simile to his Fortune.

(*k*) This Passage[2] hath been understood several different Ways by the Commentators. For my Part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. *Dryden* says,

I have heard something how two Bodies meet,
But how two Souls join, I know not.

So that 'till the Body of a Spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

[1] AN ERROR. SHOULD READ (*k*).

SCENE IV.

King, Queen.

Queen. What is the Cause, my *Arthur,* that you steal
Thus silently from *Dollallolla's* Breast.
Why dost thou leave me in the (*l*) Dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of Sprites?
King. Oh *Dollallolla!* do not blame my Love;
I hop'd the Fumes of last Night's Punch had laid
Thy lovely Eye-lids fast.—— But, Oh! I find
There is no Power in Drams, to quiet Wives;
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,
And shine upon their Husbands.
Queen. Think, Oh think!
What a Surprize it must be to the Sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd World away.
What less can be the wretched Wife's Surprize,
When, stretching out her Arms to fold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her Arms.
(*m*) Think, think on that —— Oh! think, think well
on that.
I do remember also to have read
(*n*) In *Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis,*[1]
That *Jove* in Form inanimate did lie
With beauteous *Danae*; and trust me, Love,
(*o*) I fear'd the Bolster might have been a *Jove.*
King. Come to my Arms, most virtuous of thy Sex;

(*l*) *Cydaria*[2] is of the same fearful Temper with *Dollallolla*;
I never durst in Darkness be alone. Ind. Emp.

(*m*) *Think well of this,*[3] *think that, think every way.* Sophonisba.

(*n*) These Quotations are more usual in the Comick, than in the Tragick Writers.

(*o*) *This Distress* (says Mr. *D*——) *I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous Character of* Dollalolla, *who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest Apprehension from the inanimate Embrace of a Bolster. An Example worthy of Imitation from all our Writers of Tragedy.*

Oh *Dollallolla!* were all Wives like thee,
So many Husbands never had worn Horns.
Should *Huncamunca* of thy Worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest.——— Oh fatal Name!
For didst thou know one Quarter what I know,
Then would'st thou know — Alas! what thou would'st know!

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak
Like Men who carry *Raree-Shows* about,
Now you shall see, Gentlemen, what you shall see?[1]
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.[1]

King, Queen, Noodle.

Noodle. Long Life attend your Majesties serene,
Great *Arthur,* King, and *Dollallolla,* Queen!
Lord *Grizzle,* with a bold, rebellious Crowd,
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the Princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious *Thumb,* without his Pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the Gate.

SCENE VI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Noodle.

King. See where the Princess comes! Where is *Tom Thumb?*

Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago
He sallied out to encounter with the Foe,

[1] LATER EDS. SHALL SEE.

And swore, unless his Fate had him mis-led,
From *Grizzle*'s Shoulders to cut off his Head,
And serve't up with your Chocolate in Bed.

King. 'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.
Come *Dollalolla, Huncamunca,* come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious *Thumb*;
In Peace and Safety we secure may stay,
While to his Arm we trust the bloody Fray;
Tho' Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,
(*p*) He is alone equal[1] to all these Odds.

Queen. He is indeed, a (*q*) Helmet to us all,
While he supports, we need not fear to fall;

(*p*) *Credat Judaeus Appelles*[2]

Non ego —(says Mr. *D.*) — *For, passing over the Absurdity of being equal to Odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant Fellow — I say again, a little insignificant Fellow able to vie with a Strength which all the* Sampsons[1] *and* Hercules*'s of Antiquity would be unable to encounter.*

I shall refer this incredulous Critick to Mr. *Dryden*'s Defence of his *Almanzor*; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few Lines from the Speech of a much braver Fellow than *Almanzor,* Mr. *Johnson*'s *Achilles*;

Tho' Human Race rise in embattel'd Hosts,
To force her from my Arms —— Oh! Son of Atreus!
By that immortal Pow'r, whose deathless Spirit
Informs this Earth, I will oppose them all. Victim.

(*q*) *I have heard of being*[3] *supported by a Staff* (says Mr. *D.*) *but never of being supported by an Helmet.* I believe he never heard of Sailing with Wings, which he may read in no less a Poet than Mr. *Dryden*;

Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air. Love Triumphant.

What will he say to a kneeling Valley?

——— ——— ——— *I'll stand*
Like a safe Valley, that low bends the Knee,
To some aspiring Mountain. Injur'd Love.

I am asham'd of so ignorant a Carper, who doth not know that an Epithet in Tragedy is very often no other than an Expletive. Do not we read in the New *Sophonisba* of *grinding Chains, blue Plagues, white Occasions* and *blue Serenity*? Nay, 'tis not the Adjective only, but sometimes half a Sentence is put by way of Expletive, as, *Beauty pointed*

[1] 4TH ED. SAMSONS

His Arm dispatches all things to our Wish,
And serves up every Foe's Head in a Dish.
Void is the Mistress of the House of Care,
While the good Cook presents the Bill of Fare;
Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fish,
Or Duck, or Goose, or Pig, adorn the Dish;
No Fears the Number of her Guests afford,
But at her Hour she sees the Dinner on the Board.

SCENE VII. *a Plain.*

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, *and Rebels.*

Grizzle. Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
(*r*) No enemy to fight withal.
Foodle. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,
(*s*) This First of *April,* to engage our Foes.
Griz. This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd choose,
For on this Day my Grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April* Fool;
(*t*) Will teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,
And send it Post to the *Elysian* Shades.

high with Spirit, in the same Play —— and, *In the Lap of Blessing, to be most curst.* In the Revenge.

(*r*) A Victory[1] like that of *Almanzor.*
Almanzor *is victorious without Fight.* Conq. of *Granada.*

(*s*) *Well*[2] *have we chose*[1] *an happy Day for Fight,*
For every Man in course of Time has found,
Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate. K. *Arthur.*

(*t*) We read of such[3] another in *Lee*;
Teach his rude Wit a Flight she never made,
And send her Post to the Elysian *Shade.* Gloriana.

[1] 5TH ED. CHOSEN

Food. I'm glad to find our Army is so stout,
Nor does it move my Wonder less than Joy.
Griz. (*u*) What Friends we have, and how we came[1] so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII.

Thunder and Lightning.

Tom Thumb, Glumdalca *cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh, *Noodle!* hast thou seen a Day like this?
(*x*) The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,
(*y*) As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;
And Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. What Voice is this I hear?
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Again it calls.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Glum. It calls again.
Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.
Merl. Thou hast no Cause to fear, I am thy Friend,
Merlin by Name, a Conjurer by Trade,
And to my Art thou dost thy Being owe.
Thumb. How!

(*u*) These Lines[1] are copied *verbatim* in the *Indian Emperor.*
(*x*) *Unborn*[2] *Thunder rolling in a Cloud.* Conq. of *Gran.*
(*y*) *Were Heaven*[3] *and Earth in wild Confusion hurl'd,*
Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling World,
Undaunted, would I tread the tott'ring Ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall.
Female Warrior.

[1] 5TH ED. COME

Merl. Hear then[1] the mystick Getting of *Tom Thumb.*

(*z*) *His Father was a Ploughman plain,*
His Mother milk'd the Cow;
And yet the Way to get a Son,
This Couple knew not how.
Until such time the good old Man
To learned Merlin *goes,*
And there to him, in great Distress,
In secret manner shows;
How in his Heart he wish'd to have
A Child, in time to come,
To be his Heir, tho' it might[1] *be*
No biger than his Thumb:
Of which old Merlin *was foretold,*
That he his Wish should have;
And so a Son of Stature small,
The Charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future.

Thumb. (*a*) Lost in Amazement's Gulph, my Senses sink;
See there, *Glumdalca,* see another (*b*) Me!

Glum. O Sight of Horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow.

Merl. Let not these Sights deter thy noble Mind,
(*c*) For lo! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes;
See from a far a Theatre arise;

(*z*) See the History[2] of *Tom Thumb,* pag. 2.

(*a*) —— *Amazement*[3] *swallows up my Sense,*
And in th' impetuous Whirl of circling Fate,
Drinks down my Reason. *Pers.* Princess.

(*b*) ——— *I have outfaced*[4] *my self,*
What! am I two? Is there another Me? K. *Arthur.*

(*c*) The Character of *Merlin*[5] is wonderful throughout, but most so in this Prophetick Part. We find several of these Prophecies in the Tragick Authors, who frequently take this Opportunity to pay a Compliment to their Country, and sometimes to their Prince. None but our Author (who seems to have detested the least Appearance of

[1] 4TH ED. MAY

There, Ages yet unborn, shall Tribute pay
To the Heroick Actions of this Day:
Then Buskin Tragedy at length shall choose
Thy Name the best Supporter of her Muse.
Thumb. Enough, let every warlike Musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, *Rebels, on one Side.* Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, *on the other.*

Food. At length the Enemy advances nigh,
(*d*) I hear them with my Ear, and see them with my Eye.
Griz. Draw all your Swords, for Liberty we fight,
(*e*) And Liberty the Mustard is of Life.
Thumb. Are you the Man whom Men fam'd *Grizzle* name?
Griz. (*f*) Are you the much more fam'd *Tom Thumb?*
Thumb. The same.
Griz. Come on, our Worth upon our selves we'll prove,
For Liberty[1] I fight.

Flattery) would have past by such an Opportunity of being a Political Prophet.

(*d*) *I saw*[2] *the Villain,* Myron, *with these Eyes I saw him.* Busiris.

In both which Places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to see with other Eyes than your own.

(*e*) *This Mustard* (says Mr. *D.*) *is enough to turn one's Stomach: I would be glad to know what Idea the Author had in his Head when he wrote it.* This will be, I believe, best explained by a Line of Mr. *Dennis*;

And gave him Liberty,[3] *the Salt of Life.* Liberty asserted.

The Understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

(*f*) Han. *Are you the Chief,*[4] *whom Men fam'd* Scipio *call?*
Scip. *Are you the much more famous* Hannibal? *Hannib.*

Thumb. And I for Love.

[*A bloody Engagement*[1] *between the two Armies here, Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Thunder and Lightning.* — *They fight off and on several times. Some fall.* Grizzle *and* Glumdalca *remain.*

Glum. Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly.

Griz. Away — thou art too ignoble for my Arm.

Glum. Have at thy Heart.

Griz. Nay[1] then, I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well, you've run me thro' the Guts,
And I am dead.

Griz. Then there's an End of One.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an End of Two,
(*g*) Villain.

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

Griz. Huncamunca!

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To Hell[2] then, like a Rebel as you are,
And give my Service to the Rebels there.

Griz. Triumph not, *Thumb,* nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy *Huncamunca* undisturb'd, I'll send

(*g*) Dr. *Young*[3] seems to have copied this Engagement in his *Busiris:*

Myr. *Villain!*
Mem. Myron!
Myr. *Rebel!*
Mem. Myron!
Myr. *Hell!*
Mem. Mandane

1 Later Eds. Nay, then I

(*h*) My Ghost to fetch her to the other World;
(*i*) It shall but bait at Heaven, and then return.
(*k*) But, ha![i] I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,
(*l*) Some kinder Spright knocks softly[1] at my Soul.[ii]
And gently whispers it to haste away:
I come, I come, most willingly I come.
(*m*) So; when some City Wife, for Country Air,
To *Hampstead*,[2] or to *Highgate* does repair;
Her, to make haste, her Husband does implore,
And cries, My Dear, *the Coach is at the Door.*
With equal Wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the Coach, and then she cries — *Drive on!*

Thumb. With those last Words (*n*) he vomited his Soul,
Which, (*o*) like whipt Cream, the Devil will swallow down.

(*h*) This last Speech[3] of my Lord *Grizzle*, hath been of great Service to our Poets;

—— *I'll hold it fast*
As Life, and when Life's gone, I'll hold this last;
And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,
I'll send my Ghost, and fetch it back again.

Conquest of *Granada.*

(*i*) *My Soul*[4] *should with such Speed obey,*
It should not bait at Heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his Eye;

'Twas not my Purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to Heaven to take the Air. Gloriana.

(*k*) *A rising* Vapour[5] rumbling *in my Brains.* Cleomenes.

(*l*) *Some kind*[6] *Spright knocks softly at my Soul,*
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

(*m*) Mr. *Dryden* seems to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he says,

My Soul[7] *is* packing up, *and just on Wing.*

Conquest of *Granada.*

(*n*) *And in a purple Vomit*[8] *pour'd his Soul.* Cleomenes.

(*o*) *The Devil swallows*[9] *vulgar Souls*
Like whipp'd Cream. Sebastian.

[i] 5TH ED. BUT, AH!
[ii] LATER EDS. AT MY SOUL,

Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,
Which I will to the King in Triumph lug;[i]
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfast.

SCENE X.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *and Courtiers.*

King. Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds
To pay their Debts.——— Let no one weep To-day.
Come, *Dollallolla*; (*p*) Curse that odious Name!
It is so long, it asks an Hour to speak it.
By Heavens! I'll change it into *Doll,* or *Loll,*
Or any other civil Monosyllable
That will not tire my Tongue. ——— Come, sit thee down,[ii]
Here seated, let us view the Dancer's Sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*;
Tom Thum![iii] who wins two Victories (*q*) To-day,
And this way marches, bearing *Grizzle's* Head.

(*p*) *How I could curse*[1] *my Name of* Ptolemy!
It is so long, it asks an Hour to write it.
By Heav'n! I'll change it into Jove, *or* Mars,
Or any other civil Monosyllable,
That will not tire my Hand. Cleomenes.

(*q*) Here is a visible Conjunction of two Days in one, by which our Author may have either intended an Emblem of a Wedding; or to insinuate, that Men in the Honey-Moon are apt to imagine Time shorter than it is. It brings into my Mind a Passage in the Comedy calld the *Coffee-House Politician*;[2]

We will celebrate this Day at my House To-morrow.

[i] Later Eds. lug?
[ii] Later Eds. sit thee down.
[iii] Later Eds. *Thumb!*

A Dance here.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears,[1] for ever blind,[1] my Eyes!
Dumb be my Tongue! Feet lame! All Senses lost!
(*r*) Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all
ye Ghosts!

King. What does the Blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my Liege
(*s*) Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror;
Whilst from my Garret, twice two Stories high,
I look'd abroad into the Streets below;
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of *Grizzle*;
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment – guess, Oh! guess the rest!
And in a Moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb.*

King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out —— hang all the *Culprits,*[2]
Guilty or not — no matter — Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the Schoolmasters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

Nood. Her Majesty the Queen is in a Swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a Swoon, but I have still
Strength to reward the Messenger of ill News.

[*Kills* Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am slain.[3]

(*r*) These beautiful Phrases[4] are all to be found in one single Speech of *King Arthur,* or *The British Worthy.*

(*s*) *I was*[5] *but teaching him to grace his Tale*
With decent Horror. . . Cleomenes.

[1] Later Eds. blind my Eyes!

Cle. My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.
[*Kills the* Queen.

Hunc. My Mamma kill'd! vile Murtheress, beware.
[*Kills* Cleora.

Dood. This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.
[*Kills* Huncamunca.

Must. And this
I drive to thine, Oh *Doodle!* for a new one.
[*Kills* Doodle.

King. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that [*Kills* Must.
(*t*) And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*
So when the Child whom Nurse from Danger guards,
Sends *Jack* for Mustard[1] with a Pack of Cards;

(*t*) We may say with *Dryden,*

Death[2] *did at length so many Slain forget,*
And left the Tale, and took them by the Great.

I know of no Tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody Catastrophe, than *Cleomenes,* where the Curtain covers five principal Characters dead on the Stage. These Lines too,

I ask no Questions then, of Who kill'd Who?
The Bodies tell the Story as they lie.

seem to have belonged more properly to this Scene of our Author.— Nor can I help imagining that they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too seem beholden to this Scene;

We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death,
Julia *goes first,* Gonsalvo *hangs on her,*
And Angelina *hangs upon* Gonsalvo,
As I on Angelina.

No Scene,[3] I believe, ever received greater Honours than this. It was applauded by several *Encores,* a Word very unusual in Tragedy —— And it was very difficult for the Actors to escape without a second Slaughter. This I take to be a lively Assurance of that fierce Spirit of Liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. *Dryden* in his *Essay* on *Dramatick Poetry* hath observed —— *Whether Custom* (says he) *hath so insinuated it self into our Countrymen, or Nature hath so formed them to Fierceness, I know not, but they will scarcely suffer Combats, and other Objects of Horror, to be taken from them.* —— And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this Martial Disposition: Nor do I believe our Victories over the *French* have been owing to any thing more than to those bloody Spectacles daily exhibited in our Tragedies, of which the *French* Stage is so entirely clear.

Kings, Queens and Knaves throw one another down,
'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,
And all I boast is — that I fall the last. [*Dies.*

FINIS.

[Vignette]

NOTES—TOM THUMB (1730)

TITLE-PAGE

44. 1. HAY MARKET. See Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration,* p. 218. Evidence of the standing of the Haymarket appears in a review of a play called *The Fall of Mortimer* in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for June 19, 1731. The writer says, "The Fall of Mortimer . . . has been much admired and followed, tho' it made its appearance upon a Theatre [the Haymarket] but little frequented."

44. 2. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. This pseudonym, which appears in connection with several of Fielding's early plays, and was obviously suggested by Pope's Martinus Scriblerus, was first used with *The Author's Farce* (March, 1730). In no other case than that of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* does it have an *H* prefixed.

44. 3. TRAGICUS PLERUMQUE. Horace, *Epistola ad Pisones,* III. 95. The second half of this line is quoted again in the preface to *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

PREFACE

49. 1. A PREFACE IS BECOME. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 37.

49. 2. COMPLIMENT THE ACTORS. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 37. At the end of this preface Fielding takes pains to praise Tom Thumb, the musicians, and one of the supernumeraries, or mutes. Fielding had been guilty of this practice of flattery himself in the preface to *Love in Several Masques,* where he pays Mrs. Oldfield most extravagant compliments. It was also in a panegyric of this kind that Colley Cibber, in his preface to *The Provok'd Husband,* more than half of which is taken up with praise of Wilks, Mills, and Mrs. Oldfield, made the famous *faux pas* of *paraphonalia,* which Fielding mentions a little later in this preface. Benjamin Martyn, in the preface to *Timoleon* (1730), said, "I should have entirely dropt a Preface, could I have omitted my Thanks to the Town for their great Indulgence, and my Acknowledgments for the extream Civility of Mrs. Porter and Mr. Mills, to whose Care, Advice, and excellent Performance I must attribute great Part of the Success of the Play."

49. 3. LONGINUS. Critics of this period made frequent references to Longinus. Dryden, in *The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry* (prefixed to *The State of Innocence*), speaks of him as being "undoubtedly,

after Aristotle, the greatest critic among the Greeks.'' Pope likewise praises him in the *Essay on Criticism,* ll. 675 ff.

49. 4. THE PROFOUND OF SCRIBLERUS. The reference is to Pope's Martinus Scriblerus ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: *Or, The Art of Sinking in Poetry* (1727). In this burlesque treatise Pope makes bathos and ''the profund'' the same thing.

49. 5. THE AUTHOR OF HURLOTHRUMBO. A most extravagant and nonsensical medley by Samuel Johnson, a dancing master of Cheshire, which was produced at the Haymarket in 1729. It had a great vogue for a time because of the antics of Johnson, who took part in it. Contemporary reference to it is frequent; Fielding makes two characters in *The Author's Farce* comment on it. (See Act I, Scene V, Witmore, and Act III, Charon.) The nature of the piece may be inferred from the lines on the title-page—

> Ye sons of Fire, read my Hurlothrumbo,
> Turn it betwixt your Finger and your Thumbo,
> And being quite outdone, be quite struck dumbo.

49. 6. CHARON IN LUCIAN. See *Dialogues of the Dead,* X. Charon—''You must embark stripped of everything . . . : for scarcely even so will the ferry boat receive you.'' This reference was probably suggested by the association of Hurlothrumbo and Charon in *The Author's Farce.* (See preceding note.)

49. 7. MR. LOCK. See *Human Understanding,* Book II, Chapter XXIX, Of Clear and Obscure, Distinct and Confused Ideas. Reference to Locke was common. Thomson refers to him as ''Locke, who made the whole internal world his own.'' (Summer, ll. 1558-9.)

49. 8. PARAPHONALIA. In the preface to *The Provok'd Husband* Colley Cibber had said, in praising Mrs. Oldfield for her elegance of costume, ''The Ornaments she herself provided (particularly in this Play) seem'd in all Respects, the Paraphonalia of a Woman of Quality.'' Cibber's enemies at once seized with delight on this mistake. In the first edition of *The Author's Farce* (Air XX) occur the words, ''Can my Goddess then forget, Paraphonalia, Paraphonalia?'' In *The Grub-street Journal* for February 8, 1733, there is another reference to it in *An Ode or Ballad supposed to be written by C— C— Esq. Poet-Laureate,* and still another in the number for August 16, 1733, in *Verses occasioned by Mr. C—r's erecting a booth in Smithfield.* It is also mentioned in *The Battle of the Poets,* inserted in *Tom Thumb* as an extra act in November, 1730. (See Appendix A.)

49. 9. WHEN THE PEOPLE OF OUR AGE. A phrase from Cibber's prologue to *The Provok'd Husband.* See Pope, *The Art of Sinking in Poetry,* Chapter XVI, ''the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber, of whom let it be known, when the people of this Age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors. . . .''

49. 10. PLATO, WHOM CICERO OBSERVES. Cicero makes several references to Plato's obscurity. In the *Epistolae ad Atticorum* (VII, 13), he says, "Aenigma Oppiorum ex Velia plane non intellexi. Est enim numero Platonis obscurius." Also in *Academicorum* (I, Liber II, 39). Atque hoc etiam Platonem in Timaeo dicere quidam arbitrantur, sed paullo obscurius." And again in *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* (II, 5)—". . . aut quum rerum obscuritas, non verborum, facit, ut non intelligatur oratio; qualis est in Timaeo Platonis."

50. 1. KRITICKS—PREFATICAL LANGUAGE. Perhaps an allusion to the affected spelling of the word with an initial *k* by some playwright.

50. 2. THE CITIZENS IN ŒDIPUS. The allusion is to an amusing stage direction at the opening of the first act of *Oedipus,* by Dryden and Lee (1769)—"The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present condition of Thebes; dead Bodies appear at a distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop."

50. 3. KILL MY SOUL. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 35.

51. 1. HOMER OR VIRGIL. An allusion to the numerous classic plays of the period, which drew their plots directly, or indirectly through the French dramatists, from classical poets and historians. There is another allusion to the same practice in the Prologue.

51. 2. TOM TRAM, HICKATHRIFT. Heroes of the story-books printed in large numbers at this time, and peddled by chapmen. They were compiled chiefly by the hack-writers of Grub Street. Tom Tram was the hero of a long succession of practical jokes, *The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram;* and Hickathrift was a young English Hercules who, after a series of marvelous adventures, settled down and became a country gentleman. (See Ashton, *Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century.*)

51. 3. LULLING THE AUDIENCE. Dryden had said, in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy,* that the Greeks, at a performance of *Oedipus* "sat with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pulled out, and speak a hundred or two of verses in a tragic tone, in complaint of his misfortunes."

51. 4. TO JOIN THE SOCK. Possibly a reference to the tragi-comedy, but more probably to the laughter which sometimes greeted the bombast and extravagance of tragedy. Dryden speaks of the audiences which always laughed in the death scenes. (See *Essay of Dramatic Poesy,* Lisideius.)

51. 5. SO HAVE I THROWN. Dryden speaks of his later plays as the children of his old age whom he is throwing on the mercy and indulgence of the Town (see Dedication of *Love Triumphant*), and in the preface to *Lady Jane Grey* (1715) by Nicholas Rowe, the author says, "I shall turn this my youngest Child out into the World, with no other Provision

than a Saying which I remember to have seen before in one of Mrs. Behn's;

"Va! mon Enfant, prend ta Fortune."

51. 6. SERIA CUM POSSIM. See Martial, *Epigrams,* V, 16, 1. (Seria quum possim.)

PROLOGUE

52. 1. BY NO FRIEND. This and the legend at the head of the Epilogue are evidently parodies of the phrases frequently placed before prologues and epilogues, which were often contributed by friends of the author, and were sometimes anonymous.

52. 2. WITH MIRTH AND LAUGHTER. In these four lines Fielding repeats the sentiment of the paragraph in the preface beginning "And here I congratulate." The remainder of the prologue is an elaboration of the preceding paragraph.

52. 3. SHAKESPEARE. The compliments to Shakespeare and Lee seem rather malapropos. The reference to Lee is all the more surprising when one remembers the extent to which Lee's plays are burlesqued in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

52. 4. SIGN-POST PAINTER. This metaphor seems to have an original in the prologue to Lee's *Rival Queens*—

But how shou'd any Sign-post-dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo.

EPILOGUE

53. 1. Neither the Prologue nor the Epilogue is included in any of the printed copies of the enlarged version of 1731. They may, however, have been used occasionally on the stage. *The London Magazine,* August, 1747, reprints this epilogue with the note—"Epilogue. Spoke by Mr. Adams in the Character of the King, with Tom Thumb in his Hand. Note, The Play was Pasquin, the Entertainment Tom Thumb." Except for minor variations in spelling and punctuation, and the use of the third person instead of the first because of the change in the speaker, the only difference is in two new lines inserted after the line beginning "And plunder both." They have reference perhaps to the political satire of *Pasquin*—

Nay, if a borough will their voices give,
Tom Thumb shall be their representative.

53.2. TWICE DEAD. This refers to the swallowing of Tom Thumb by the Red Cow, and to the killing of Tom Thumb's ghost by Grizzle. Miss Jones, the speaker, played Tom Thumb. This would be, however, a second revival, and not a third.

53. 3. TOUPEES. Frequently used to designate a Beau. Pope, in *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, Chapter X, quotes the line "Here a bright Red-Coat, there a smart Toupee," and appends the note—"A sort of perriwig; (a word) in use in this present year 1727." In Fielding's *Love in Several Masques*, Malvil says (Act I, Scene I), "With what envious glances was she attacked by the whole circle of belles! and what amorous ones by the gentlemen proprietors of the toupet, snuff-box, and sword."

53. 4. BUT, FOR THE LADIES. In their epilogues playwrights addressed the critics as a hostile, fault-finding group, ridiculed the beaux, and appealed to the ladies for protection and patronage. Note the lines in the epilogue to *The Author's Farce*—

> The Audience is already
> Divided into Critic, Beau, and Lady;
> Nor Box, nor Pit, nor Gallery can shew
> One, who's not Lady, Critic, or a Beau.

53. 5. TAKE PITY, LADIES. The following lines, which Fielding seems to have read, occur in the prologue to *The Lovers Opera* (1729), by Chetwood—

> He likes the Trade so ill, as a Beginner
> He swears, he ne'er shall grow a harden'd Sinner.

(Notes on material in the version of 1730 which is repeated in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* will be found in the Notes to *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*)

56. 1. MOTHER DEMDIKE. Elizabeth Southerns, or "Old Demdike," a witch of the early seventeenth century. She appears as a character in Shadwell's play, *The Lancashire Witches.* (See Notestein, *A History of Witchcraft*, p. 121.)

67. 1. PHYSICIANS' SCENES. In the scenes in which the Physicians appear, Fielding's chief interest no doubt was in satirizing contemporary quack doctors, who were as numerous then as they are now. The back pages of the newspapers were almost entirely taken up by their advertisements, and they were a common object of attack in satirical literature. *The Grub-street Journal* especially conducted a long campaign against them. One of Hogarth's prints represents a situation similar to that in *Tom Thumb*—two physicians discussing the theoretical side of a case and forgetting about the patient. (See *Harlot's Progress*, Plate V.) These scenes are on the whole flat and uninteresting and disturb

the unity of the play as a dramatic satire; they do not appear in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

72. 1. KILLS THE GHOST. It will be noticed that one of the most remarkable features of the ending of the two-act version—the killing of the Ghost—was omitted in the ending of *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* According to Mrs. Pilkington, Dean Swift said that he never laughed but twice in his life; and once was at this incident—"The Dean told me, he did remember that he had not laugh'd above twice in his Life; once at some Trick a Mountebank's Merry-Andrew play'd; and the other time was at the Circumstance of *Tom Thumb's* killing the Ghost; and, I can assure Mr. *Fielding,* the Dean had a high Opinion of his wit, which must be a Pleasure to him, as no Man was ever better qualified to judge, possessing it so eminently himself." (*Memoirs of Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington,* III, 155.) In regard to Mrs. Pilkington's inaccuracy in speaking of Tom Thumb's killing the Ghost, Austin Dobson says, "A trifling inaccuracy of this sort is rather in favour of the truth of the story than against it, for a pure fiction would in all probability have been more precise." (*Fielding,* p. 22.)

NOTES—THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

76. 1. HOGARTH'S FRONTISPIECE. This print represents Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, and Huncamunca in Act II, Scene VII, Huncamunca.—"Let me see nearer what this beauty is." It is not included in collections of Hogarth's works. Austin Dobson says in his *Fielding* (p. 22) that this print "constitutes the earliest reference to the friendship with the painter, of which so many traces are to be found in Fielding's works." It appears also in the third, fourth and fifth editions.

PREFACE

79. 1. MR. P— AND MR. F—. Pope and Fielding.

79. 2. DR. B—. Richard Bentley. In the phrase *Maevii Aeneadem*, Fielding probably refers both to the classic Maevius who was a rival of Virgil, and to the contemporary Grub Street hacks who used Maevius as a pseudonym.

79. 3. BURMAN. Pieter Burmann (1668-1741), a noted Latin scholar of Amsterdam. Dr. Johnson wrote his life for *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1742.

79. 4. MR. D—. John Dennis. (See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 38.) The remark attributed to him here is characteristic. In his *Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter* (1722), Dennis says, after describing the state of the theatre, "The Drama therefore is like to be lost, and all the Arts dependent on it; therefore everyone who is concerned for the Honour of his Country, ought to do his utmost Endeavour to prevent a Calamity which will be so great a Disgrace to it."

80. 1. SURREPTITIOUS AND PIRATICAL COPY. This device is imitated from Pope. (See Introduction, Chapter I, p. 5.)

80. 2. A RUN OF UPWARD OF FORTY NIGHTS. Undoubtedly true. An item in *The Grub-street Journal* for June 11, 1730, states that the piece had already had thirty-three performances.

80. 3. NOW, IF I CAN SET. In this sentence Fielding continues his burlesque of Dennis's patriotic manner.

80. 4. CLARISS. BENTLEIUM. Bentley was noted for the great number of editions of classic authors he had produced. The phrase "Error of my Pen" is a hit at Bentley's fondness for controversy, and may have particular reference to his most famous quarrel, the Phalaris controversy, which drew forth Swift's *Battle of the Books*.

81. 1. SHAKESPEAR. Interest in Shakespearean criticism was especially

keen at this time because of the feud between Theobald and Pope, which dated from Theobald's publication of *Shakespeare Restored* in 1726.

81. 2. EDWARD M—R. Edward Midwinter, who is referred to later (Act I, Scene I, notes). See *Notes and Queries,* Series VI, vol. 7, p. 462 —"Another shop with the sign of the Looking-Glass was occupied from 1690 to 1721 by Thos. Morris. Two others used the same sign, Edward Midwinter, 1721, and T. Harris, 1741-4." Lindner, in his edition of *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* gives this name as Millar, but there is no mention of any Millar as ever having had a shop with this sign.

81. 3. NOT BEARING THE STAMP. These histories and story-books were issued without date or edition number. Probably the copy of which Fielding speaks here was pirated, since the chap-books were nearly all printed at one shop—4 Aldermary Church-yard. (See Ashton, *Chap-Books,* Introduction.)

81. 4. MR. C—L. Undoubtedly Edmund Curll, who bore a most unsavory reputation as a bookseller. He was continually attacked by Pope, and figured prominently in *The Dunciad.* To his many other faults Fielding adds that of splitting up editions to give a book the appearance of popularity.

81. 5. SOPHONISBA. Fielding possibly took the idea which he burlesques in this paragraph from the preface *Au Lecteur* of Corneille's *Sophonisbe.* There Corneille discusses the possibility of treating the same subject in different ways, and says that he has purposely taken a different point of view from Mairet's, in order that he might not be open to a charge of plagiarism. He says that the reader will find his Sophonisba quite a different character from Mairet's—"Je lui prête un peu d'amour; mais elle règne sur lui, et ne daigne l'ecouter qu'autant qu'il peut servir à ses passions dominantes qui règnent sur elle, et à qui elle sacrifie toutes les tendresses de son coeur, Massinisse, Syphax, sa propre vie." Thomson gave his Sophonisba a similar passion of patriotism, while Lee, as was to be expected, took the opposite point of view, and made heroic love the ruling motive. As far as historical accuracy is concerned, this latter treatment seems to have been the more nearly correct. The comparison of the two Sophonisbas with Elizabeth and Mary Stuart was no doubt suggested by Banks's play *Albion Queens,* which affords considerable basis for such a comparison. The distinction between Brutus and Marius junior is sufficiently obvious when it is noted that Marius was merely Romeo with another name. Voltaire's *Brutus* was a new play when *The Tragedy of Tragedies* was written; it did not appear until December 11, 1730, and was not printed until 1731. (Lounsbury, *Shakespeare and Voltaire,* p. 72.) The four plays of *Sophonisba* appeared in the following order: Mairet (1634), Corneille (1663), Lee (1676), and Thomson (1730).

82. 1. LET US NOW PROCEED. The analysis which follows is imitated

from the preface to *The Dunciad.* At the same time it burlesques typical passages from the prefaces to contemporary plays.

82. 2. EMINENT AUTHOR. James Thomson, in the preface to *Sophonisba.* A similar statement appears in the preface to Dryden's *Cleomenes* —"The Action is but one, which is the Death of Cleomenes; and every Scene in the Play is tending to the Accomplishment of the main Design."

82. 3. THE ACTION. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 30. Dennis, in the preface to *Rinaldo* (1699), says, "The Action is very Great and Important; upon the last Event of it depends the Success of the most Happy, and most Glorious Croisade, in which ever the Christians engaged against the Infidels. . . . As the Action is great, the Characters are Illustrious, and the Scene is extraordinary."

83. 1. ARISTOTLE, WHO DEFINETH. See *Poetics,* 5.1449, ll. 24 ff. (Bywater.)

83. 2. SERJEANT KITE. In Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* (1706) Kite says, "and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man." (Act I, Scene I.) Note a passage from *The Spectator,* number 42—"The ordinary method of making a hero is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe that we thought a great man and a tall man to be the same thing."

83. 3. GREATNESS OF A MAN'S SOUL. "Greatness of Soul" is a favorite phrase with Dennis; it is especially noticeable in his *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry.*

83. 4. PHYSOGNOMINICAL. This word has had an interesting history in the various editions of *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* As the accepted spelling in 1731 was *physiognomonical,* the word appeared in the first edition with two mistakes. In the third edition (1737) the first was corrected; the word reads *physiognominical.* This spelling was retained in the fourth (1751) and fifth (1775) editions, but was corrected to *physiognomonical* in the third edition of Fielding's works (1766). The modern spelling first appeared in the smaller edition of the works in 1771. In general, modern editions of the play, all of which are based upon the quarto of 1762, preserve the wrong spelling *physiognominical,* but Lindner gives the correct obsolete form, and the Henley edition the correct modern spelling.

83. 5. IMAGE OF TWO INNS. In *Of Heroic Plays, An Essay* (prefixed to *The Conquest of Granada*) Dryden says as an argument in favor of rime in drama, that the permissibility once admitted of raising dialogue above the level of ordinary conversation to the level of measure without rime, then "you are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open fields, betwixt

two inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquired the last perfection of art.''

84. 1. TELEPHEUS AND PELEUS. See Horace, *Epistola ad Pisones*, III, 96-7.

84. 2. DOLERE SERMONE. See note on the lines quoted on the title-page of the second and third editions of 1730.

84. 3. QUID EST TAM FURIOSUM. This is the only Latin quotation in the play which it has been impossible to locate.

84. 4. LONGINUS. See notes on Longinus and the Profund of Scribblerus in the preface to the *Tom Thumb* of 1730. The spelling here, Profound, is a mistake.

84. 5. OMNE GENUS. See Ovid, *Tristium*, Liber II, El. I, 381. Quoted by Dryden in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

84. 6. RISING HIGHER. The inspiration of this passage came from Pope's *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. This phraseology also appears in Dennis's *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*—''Here by the way I desire the Reader to observe, how the spirit of the Poem sinks, when Adam comes from God to himself; and how it rises again, when he returns to his Creator.'' Ambrose Phillips, in the preface to *The Distrest Mother*, discourses on the two styles as follows—''In all the Works of Genius and Invention, whether in Verse or Prose, there are in general but two Manners of Style; the one simple, natural, and easie; the other swelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious Affectation of Sublimity is what has betrayed a great many Authors into the latter; not considering that real Greatness of Writing, as well as in Manners, consists in an unaffected Simplicity.'' In the third edition (1713) he added a third style—''one sublime and full of majesty.''

85. 1. EARL OF ESSEX. This play (1682) by John Banks is one of the most extravagant and ridiculous of the plays Fielding burlesques.

85. 2. QUAE NON CONTEMNO. Evidently quoted from memory. See Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, II, 7—''quos libros non contemno equidem, quippe quos numquam legerim.'' (Merguet, *Lexikon zu den Philosophischen Schriften Cicero's.*)

85. 3. A YOUNG COMMENTATOR. Fielding had already in *The Author's Farce* written satire of considerable force on hack literary work. It is possible that he really intended to publish an appendix to this burlesque, modelled on the appendix to *The Dunciad*, but none ever appeared.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

87. 1. In general male parts were acted by men, and female parts by women, with the exception of Tom Thumb and Glumdalca, which were sometimes acted by members of the opposite sexes. See Introduction, Chapter II, p. 22.

87. 2. The custom of writing long descriptions of the characters was

not common among the dramatists whom Fielding burlesqued. Occasionally, however, descriptions of this type appear in the prefaces. In the preface to *Rinaldo,* Dennis says, "Armida . . . is by Nature a Proud and a disdainful Beauty, Proud of her Triumphs, yet disdaining the Slaves which adorn'd them, and so much the more violent in the Love she bore to Rinaldo, because he was the only Person who had touch'd her Soul with tenderness."

"I designed Rinaldo then neither a Languishing nor a Brutal Heroe; He is proud of Armida to the last degree, and yet resolves to leave her; but ow's that Resolution to the Strength of his Reason, and not to the Weakness of his Passion."

In the preface to *Aureng-Zebe* Dryden says, "I have made my Melesinda, in opposition to Nourmahal, a woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and constant in her kindness, to the last."

87. 3. NOODLE AND DOODLE. These were common names of characters in the variety shows given at the fairs. In *The Grub-street Journal* for August 27, 1730, appears an advertisement of *The Comical Humours of Noodle and his man Doodle,* to be given at Oates and Fielding's great Theatrical Booth. The name Noodle also appears in the burlesque reports of the meetings of the Grub-street Society—"This motion was seconded by Mr. Noodle." "Mr. Noodle replied with some warmth," etc. See *Grub-street Journal,* January 22, 1730.

88. 1. GLUMDALCA. Evidently suggested by Glumdalclitch in *Gulliver's Travels.* It will be remembered that Glumdalclitch also was a giant princess, and the especial guardian of Gulliver.

ACT I

89. 1. The opening situation is conventional—the victorious warrior returning home in triumph. In *Busiris,* Act I, for instance, Mandane says—

> This Day the Court shines forth in all its Lustre,
> To welcome her returning warrior home.

89. 2. CORNEILLE RECOMMENDS. Fielding probably got this reference from Dryden. In the examen of *The Silent Woman* in the *Essay of Dramatick Poesy* occurs the passage—"One of these advantages is that which Corneille has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his plays; viz., the making choice of some signal and long-expected day, whereon the action of the play is to depend." The passage to which Dryden refers is from the *Troisième Discours—Sur les Trois Unités*—". . . je ne puis oublier que c'est un grand ornement pour un poëme

que le choix d'un jour illustre et attendu depuis quelque temps. Il ne s'en presente pas toujours des occasions; et, dans tout ce que j'ai fait jusqu'ici vous n'en trouverez de cette nature que quatre.''

The practice which Corneille recommends here and which Fielding burlesques was commonly used in England, especially by the ''classical'' playwrights. Fenton's *Mariamne,* for instance, opens with the lines—

> The Morning in her richest purple rob'd
> Smiles with auspicious Lustre on the day
> Which brings my royal brother back from Rhodes.

For passages quoted by Fielding, see *Caesar Borgia,* Act I, Scene III, Borgia (The flow'rs more od'rous seem); Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act V, Scene I (with brighter eye); and *The Persian Princess,* Act IV, Scene II.

90. 1. ALL NATURE. There are many more instances of ''all things smiling'' than those mentioned here by Fielding. In *Medaea,* Act II, Scene II, Jason says—

> . . . thou wert formed when all Things smiled
> And Nature joy'd to hear the aspicious Gods.

And in Act IV, Scene I, Creusa says—''The whole Creation smiles.''

90. 2. MILLIONS OF GIANTS. In *Medaea,* Act II, Creon says—

> Arm'd with impenetrable Mail, the God
> Triumphant o'er gygantick Squadrons rode.

90. 3. THE GIANTS IN GUILDHALL. The large wooden figures known as Gog and Magog, set up in Guildhall in 1708.

90. 4. THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY OF THE ANTIENTS. This and similar phrases are common in the critics. Attempts to imitate classic simplicity often resulted in the flatness which Fielding takes to be its modern equivalent. For passages quoted, see *State of Innocence,* Act I, Scene I, Moloch; *Don Sebastian,* Act II, Scene I, Sebastian; Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act V, Scene IV, Scipio; *The Revenge,* Act IV, Scene I, Zanga.

90. 5. DR. B—Y READS. The references are to Bentley, Dennis, and Theobald.

90. 6. MR. S—N, ETC. Nathanael Salmon (1675-1742), a student of the Roman remains in Great Britain. As Lindner notices (see *Anhang* to *Tom Thumb*), Fielding may have taken this reference from Wagstaffe's *Comment,* where Salmon is satirized.

The ''Giant Greatness in the Royal Villain'' is merely a whimsical allusion to a passage in *The Persian Princess, or The Royal Villain,* Act IV, Scene II, Mirvan—

> . . . jealous Fancy's busy with my Thoughts
> To swell this unknown Ill to Giant Greatness.

Fielding had probably read of the battle of Hercules and the Centaurs in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or in Virgil's *Georgics.*

Justus Lipsius—a great Belgian scholar (1547-1606).

Mr. Midwinter—already mentioned in the preface.

For the lines from *The Faery Queen,* see Book II, Canto X, Stanzas 7 and 73 ("But farre in land" and "two brethren gyantes kild").

Risum teneatis, amici. Evidently a very common motto. See Horace, *De Arte Poetica,* 5. In *The Author's Farce,* Act II, Scene IV, the hack-writer Index brings his bookseller a bill "for fitting the motto of Risum teneatis Amici to a dozen pamphlets at sixpence per each, six shillings."

91. 1. GENIUS. A favorite word with heroic characters. In Lee's *Nero,* Act III, Scene II, Piso speaks of "the Genius of our House." In Banks's *Cyrus,* Act V, Thomyris says—

> Cyrus, thy Guardian Genius 'tis protects thee
> That with her tender Wings Roosts o'er thy Head.

Also in *The Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act III, Scene III, Lyndaraxa—

> The Genius of the place its Lord will meet
> And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.

And in *The Duke of Guise,* Act IV, Scene I, the King—

> The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart.

91. 2. TO WHISPER IN BOOKS. For the passages referred to, see *The Persian Princess,* Act I, Scene I, Mirvan—

> . . . My pleased Senses whisper to my Soul
> Thy Rival, hated Artaban's no more.

and *Aureng-Zebe,* Act I, Scene I, Solyman—

> The Ministers . . . solemnly are wise,
> Whisp'ring like Winds, ere Hurricanes arise.

Emmeline, the blind heroine of *King Arthur,* says (Act I, Scene I)—

> Oh Father, Father, I am sure you're here;
> Because I see your Voice.

and her father replies, "No, thou mistak'st thy hearing for thy sight."

The lines of "Panthea in Cyrus" occur in Act V. Pope ridicules this manner of writing in *The Art of Sinking,* Chapter XII.

92. 1. SOME RUFFIAN. See *Albion Queens,* Act I, Norfolk. In the first version of the play, *Island Queens,* this passage reads—

> Some Ruffian mingl'd with his Father's Lust
> And more than half begot him.

92. 2. FOR ULAMAR. See *Liberty Asserted,* Act I, Scene II, Beaufort.

92. 3. OMNE MAJUS. Scaliger (1540-1609) was of course not the author of the axiom Fielding inserts here.

For passages cited see *The Earl of Essex,* Act II, Essex; and *Aureng-Zebe,* Act IV, Scene I, Nourmahal. The comparison of the body to a house of which the mind or soul is an occupant occurs also in *Lucius Junius Brutus,* Act II, Tereminta—

> Methinks my Spirit shivers in her house
> Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest.

and in a speech by Dolabella in *All for Love*, Act III, Scene I—

> my Soul is busie
> About a nobler work: she's new come home
> Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er
> Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
> If all be safe.

92. 4. MR. BANKS HATH. See *Earl of Essex*, Act III, Countess.

92. 5. THE TRUMPET IN A TRAGEDY. In the tragedies of this period the trumpet was almost never silent. Every time a king enters or leaves the stage, directions call for a flourish. For "Mr. Banks in one of his plays" see *Cyrus*, Act III, upon the entrance of Queen Thomyris—

Cyrus. What means this Trumpet's formal sound?

Croesus. But heark, she comes,—this trumpet speaks her entrance.

The phrase which Noodle uses here occurs again and again, seemingly with little attempt to vary it. See *Eurydice*, Act I, Scene IV, Melissa—"These trumpets speak his near approach," and *Tamerlane*, Act IV, Scene I, Omar—"These Trumpets speak the Emperor's approach."

In *Medaea*, Act I, Aegaeus, chariots instead of trumpets are made to "speak the King's approach."

93. 1. WHAT WRINKLED SORROW. A parody of one of the most hackneyed formulas of the tragic vocabulary. For citations see Thomson's *Sophonisba*, Act III, Scene III, Sophonisba; Act V, Scene IV, Laelius; and *Busiris*, Act I, Syphocles. Innumerable instances of such phrases might be given. In Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, for instance, a whole battery of emotions sits upon the brow—

> Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish
> Sate on thy brow. (Act III, Scene I, Sciolto.)

The figure is very old in English drama; note Peele's *David and Bethsabe*, Act II, Scene V, Semei.

93. 2. PHRAORTES IN THE CAPTIVES. See Act III, Scene V.

93. 3. PLATO. Probably no allusion is intended to any of Plato's works; his name is cited because of the incongruity of joining it with that of Banks. For the line from *The Earl of Essex* see Act III, the Countess (fierce Pain). Another instance in which joy produces tears is in *Oedipus*, Act I—

> Creon. Trust me, I weep for joy to see this day.
> Tiresias. Yes, Heav'n knows why thou weep'st.

93. 4. THESE FLOODS. The six instances of heroic floods of tears which Fielding cites occur as follows—Lee's *Sophonisba*, Act III, Massina (that I will drown); *Mithridates*, Act I, Ziphares; *Cyrus*, Act II, Cyaxares ("to a Sea of Joy"); *The Persian Princess, or, The Royal Villain*, Act IV, Artaban; *Anna Bullen*, Act IV, Queen ("all within's a Deluge"); *Cyrus*, Act V, Cyrus. The second passage from *Cyrus* reads—

Hide the least Species of our swelling Griefs,
As Streams are coated on a Frosty Night—
But after Conquest, like a sudden Thaw,
We'll melt into a Deluge, and the World
Shall drown in Tears.

Many more of these floods occur "in the Tragick Authors"; in *Timoleon,* Act IV, when Lycander asks Eunesia, "What is the Cause of these incessant Tears?" she replies indignantly, "The Cause! I have sufficient for a Flood!"

94. 1. BE SET APART FOR BUSINESS. The kings and potentates in the tragedies were always setting other hours apart for business and proclaiming festivals for the present. Their attitude is often that of Boabdil in *The Conquest of Granada,* Part I, Act I, Scene I—

The night be sacred to our love and peace:
'Tis just some joyes on weary Kings should waite;
'Tis all we gain by being slaves of State.

In *The Duke of Guise,* Act V, Scene II, Malicorne, the Duke's factotum, usurps his master's prerogative—

Tell him I dedicate this day to pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have, business with him.

Ovid opens *Gloriana* with a song—

Let Business no longer usurp your High Mind
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleasure be kind;
Let Business to morrow, to morrow imploy,
But to-day the short Blessing let's closely enjoy.

94. 2. AN EXPRESSION. See *Mithridates,* Act V, Mithridates; and Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act III, Scene III. The quotation from Tate occurs in a comic scene in *Injur'd Love,* Act I, Scene III, Camillo. The line from *Gloriana* (Act V, Augustus) is characteristic in its heroic urbanity—"Yes, Madam, Love's the drunkeness oth' Mind."

94. 3. DRYDEN HATH BORROWED. Fielding has misquoted this line, perhaps intentionally, as a correct reading is less ridiculous—"I'm half seas o'er to Death!" (Act V, Scene II, Cleomenes.)

95. 1. ARRACK-PUNCH. Note Fielding's *Rape upon Rape,* Act I, Scene VII, Sotmore—"I'll sooner drink Coffee with a Politician, Tea with a fine Lady, or 'Rack Punch with a fine Gentleman."

95. 2. THE WARRIOR COMES. A typical welcome. Note *The Duke of Guise,* Act I, Bussy—"glorious Guise, the Moses, Gideon, David, the Saviour of the Nation." And in *Anna Bullen,* Act II, the King—

Let me embrace the Saver of his Prince
The dear Preserver of my Life and Honour!
What shall I do for thee, my Friend.

95. 3. THIS FIGURE. See *The Victim,* Act III, Iphigenia—

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis the Angry Gods
Devoted me to die.

and *Busiris,* Act III, Myron.

95. 4. THIS LINE IS COPIED. See *The Captives,* Act I, Scene VII, Araxes.

96. 1. WE FIND A CANDLESTICK. See *Nero,* Act III, Scene I, Britannicus; and *Don Sebastian,* Act V, Scene I, Sebastian. The second line seems to have been quoted from memory—

The second nonage of a soul more wise,
But now decayed, and sunk into the socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.

96. 2. MR. LEE HATH STOLEN. Such passages are common and many other instances might be cited. See *Lucius Junius Brutus,* Act V, Titus; *The Duke of Guise,* Act I, Scene III, Marmoutire; *All for Love,* Act I, Ventidius; and *The Earl of Essex,* Act III, Countess ("a perfect Man," and "to frame").

97. 1. MR. W—. Possibly Leonard Welsted (1688-1747), a well-known poet and critic, and prominent in satirical literature because of his virulent quarrel with Pope, who had attacked him in *The Art of Sinking* and in *The Dunciad.*

97. 2. THIS TRAGEDY. Throughout the notes and the preface Fielding insists strongly on the "regularity" of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* and its conformity with the standards of the ancients in matters of "simplicity," etc.

97. 3. MY BLOOD LEAKS FAST. For these two passages see *Mithridates,* Act V, Mithridates; and *Injur'd Love,* Act V, Scene III, Vittoria. The second reads—

My Soul, like to a Ship in a black Storm
Is driven, I know not whither.

Similes in which ships figure, generally in a storm, and often in a wreck, are very common.

98. 1. THIS WELL-BRED LINE. For the line from *The Persian Princess* see Act IV, Scene I, Oxartes. Fielding perverts its meaning by quoting it without its context. It reads—

To be your humblest, ever faithful Slave,
Is all the Fame Oxartes would desire
To bless his Life, and crown his Death with Honour.

A much better example of "good breeding" is to be found in *The Victim,* Act III, where the great Achilles says to Iphigenia—

Madam, I wholly am dispos'd to serve you,
Let me conduct you to your own Apartment.

98. 2. CYPRESS BOUGHS. See *Captives,* Act II, Scene I, Astarbe.

98. 3. MR. DRYDEN. Apparently a mistake on Fielding's part. There

is no clear correspondence between the two scenes. The idea burlesqued appears more clearly in the following passage than in any other that has been noted—

Give, you Gods,
Give to your boy, your Caesar
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau world, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.
(*All for Love*, Act II, Antony.)

98. 4. Don Carlos, in the Revenge. See Act II, Scene I.

98. 5. A Tragical Phrase. Such phrases were indeed much in use. Tragic characters were always either quieting their souls or rousing them. Note, for instance, *Timoleon*, Act IV, Scene I, Olinthus—

'Tis true. Be still, my Soul—farewel, Cleone.

In *Don Carlos*, Act II, the King varies the phrase and says, "Lie still, my Heart." Other amusing variations appear in Thomson's *Sophonisba*, Act III, Scene III, Masinissa; and Act IV, Scene II, Sophonisba—"Heart of Anguish! Down! Down!" and "Impatient Spirit down!"

98. 6. This Speech hath been taken. See *Anna Bullen*, Act II, the King; *Cyrus*, Act V, Cyrus; *The Duke of Guise*, Act III, Scene I, Marmoutire; and Thomson's *Sophonisba*, Act III, Scene II, Masinissa; and Act III, Scene III, Masinissa.

99. 1. to Reason's Tune. A usual condition with heroic lovers. Note *All for Love*, Act II, Scene I, Cleopatra—

But I have lov'd with such transcendant passion
I soard, at first, quite out of Reason's view,
And now am lost above it.

and *The Persian Princess*, Act II, Scene I, Artaban—

You drive my Reason from its strongest Holds,
And make it fly before insulting Love.
The busie Sp'rits that cluster round my Heart,
To Reason's Laws their Fealty disavow;
And all submit themselves to Love and you.

The figure Fielding uses appears in *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV, Scene I, Nourmahal—

. . . thought . . . like a string screw'd up with eager haste
. . . breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

99. 2. You Shan't. Note *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I, Act III, Almanzor—

. . . and when you are united all
Then, I will thunder in your ears—she shall.

99. 3. Ha! sayst thou. A stock formula of very frequent occurrence.

99. 4. Massinissa. The hero of *Sophonisba*. This speech of his is in Act III, Scene III.

99. 5. No by my self. See *Anna Bullen,* Act III, the Cardinal.

100. 1. Who caus'd. See *Liberty Asserted,* Act IV, Scene VI, Irene.

100. 2. A bride. See *Anna Bullen,* Act I, the Queen (by his side).

100. 3. For born upon a Cloud. This passage is misquoted. In the original version, *The Island Queens,* Act II, Scene II, the first line reads—

Swift on a Dragons Wings from Heav'n I'le fall,

and in the second version—

Swift on Dragon's Wings from high I'll fall.

These defiances and threatenings are frequent, especially in Lee. In *Nero,* Act III, Scene I, Piso says—

Like the North-wind I'le rush and blast you all.

In *Gloriana,* Act I, Julia—

Spight of the clouds your fury's tempest wears,
I'le up and scorn your anger from the Stars.

In *Mithridates,* Act V, Pharnaces—

Yet when my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
If such a Gobling as a Ghost there be,
I'll rise, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
Hurl'd shalt thou be, as Saturn was by Jove,
And flag beneath me, while I reign above.

Note also Young's *Busiris,* Act II, the Queen—

my Ghost shall rise
Shriek in thy Ears, and stalk before thy Eyes.

100. 4. Why, Nephew Cyrus. See *Cyrus,* Act III. There are many more instances of this sort of flatness in these tragedies. In *The Victim,* Act IV, after an extremely violent outburst of emotion on the part of Agamemnon, who is on the point of sacrificing Iphigenia, Menelaus says—

I see your Nature's stirr'd, I see, I feel
With you, your Soul is fond of Iphigenia.

And in a similar situation in *Liberty Asserted,* Act II, Scene II, where the Indian squaw Sakia has just had a violent scene, her son Ulamar breaks in with, "Madam, your Looks discover great Disorder."

100. 5. 'Tis in your Choice. This speech does not appear in *The Conquest of Granada,* nor, so far as has been noted, in any other of the plays Fielding mentions.

100. 6. There is not one Beauty. The idea of this speech is conventional. In *Oedipus,* Act II, Oedipus says—

O, my Jocasta! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all night on the cold ground;
For this he bears the storms
Of winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circl'd, to be thus embrac'd.

In *Busiris,* Act III, Myron has a similar speech beginning, "The Shining Images of War are fled," and in *Caesar Borgia,* Act I, Machiavel—

> . . . Whom bounteous Heav'n
> Has crown'd with Glory in successful Wars,
> Whom it now doubly crowns with Beauty too,—

Fielding seems to have taken the third line of this speech from Rowe's *Tamerlane,* Act II, Monese—

> The dreadful Business of the War is over.

But compare also Dryden's *Love Triumphant,* Act I, Veramond—

> The rugged Business of the War is o'er.

The phrase "Hymeneal Sweets" is perhaps a parody of "hymenaeal Feasts" in *Medaea,* Act V, Scene I, Euriale. In *The Victim,* Act II, Eriphile, the other play by Johnson which Fielding burlesques, is the phrase "Hymeneal Joys."

The name Brickdusta suggests the names in Gay's *Shepherd's Week*—Hobnelia, for example.

101. 1. MR. BANKS HAS IMITATED. See *The Earl of Essex,* Act II, Essex—

> Where art thou Essex! where are now thy Glories!
> . . . . .
> The early Songs that every Morning wak'd thee;
> . . . . .
> Yesterday's Sun saw his great Rival thus,
> The spiteful Plannet saw me thus ador'd,
> As some tall-built Pyramid, whose Height
> And golden Top confronts him in his Sky,
> He tumbles down with lightning in his rage;
> So on a sudden has he snatcht my Garlands,
> And with a Cloud impal'd my gawdy Head,
> Struck me with Thunder, dasht me from the Heav'ns,
> And oh! 'tis Dooms-day now, and darkness all with me,
> Here I'll lie down—Earth will receive her Son
> Take Pattern all by me, . . .

Many of the tragedies contain speeches inspired by similar sentiments. In *Caesar Borgia,* Act II, Borgia says—

> Ha! Borgia! where! where is thy Fury now?
> Where thy Revenge?

In another of Lee's plays, *The Duke of Guise,* the Duke has a soliloquy beginning "Glory, where art thou?" (Act V.) In *Medaea,* Act V, Melyssa says—

> But yester Sun beheld the smiling Bride
> In gratulating Circles, joyous, happy.

In *Don Carlos,* Act II, the King has a speech of this type—

What's all my glory, all my pomp, how poor
Is fading greatness . . .

Monmouth Street was the quarter of the old clothes men. Note Gay's *Trivia,* II, 548.

Fleet-Ditch, the old London moat, was at this time merely an open sewer. It is the scene of the diving competition in *The Dunciad* (II, 271 ff.).

101. 2. THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM. The villainess of *The Earl of Essex.* The speech Fielding parodies comes at the opening of the play—

Help me to rail, prodigious minded Burleigh,
Prince of bold English Councils, teach me how
This hateful Breast of mine may Dart forth words,
Keen as thy Wit, Malitious as thy Person;

. . . . .

Invent some new strange Curse that's far above
Weak Woman's Rage to blast the Man I Love.

102. 1. OH HORROR. Note *Liberty Asserted,* Act III, Scene IV, Ulamar—

Oh Horrour! Horrour!
My fancy cannot bear the murdring thought.

and *Don Carlos,* Act V, Henrietta—

Oh Horrour, Horrour! everlasting Woe!

102. 2. THE GLEW OF WHICH MR. BANKS SPEAKS. See Act II, Cyrus. Lee also makes use of this "glew" in his *Mithridates,* Act III, Scene I, Mithridates—

I fell upon her balmy Lips
And glew'd my own so fiercely, that she wak'd.

102. 3. SCREECH-OWLS, DARK RAVENS. These lines are taken from the second version of the play, Act V, Elizabeth. In the first they read—

Vultures and Ravens! Schriech Owles, Croaks of Toads,
Are jarring in that Voice—

Banks's historical plays are full of allusions to animals; the characters talk constantly of lions, tigers, basilisks, etc.

103. 1. THE NAVAL LYRICK. A Pindaric ode of about one thousand lines by Edward Young. It could not have been out more than two weeks before the publication of *Tom Thumb* in April, 1730. It was advertised in *The Grub-street Journal* for April 2, 1730, as follows—"In a few Days will be publish'd The Merchant, A Naval Lyrick, on Trade, Navigation, and Peace," and in the issue for April 9 as "This Day is published." It was anonymous, but in *The Journal* for May 14, 1730, it was advertised as being by the author of *The Universal Passion,* that

is, by Edward Young. This poem is a mass of the most ridiculous rant and nonsense. The style which Fielding is burlesquing may be seen in such a passage as—

> I glow, I burn! the Numbers pure, . . .
> Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd Breast. (Prelude, 9.)

This same style appears in Young's tragedies; for instance, in *Busiris*, Act III, Myron—

> For oh, I burn, I rave, I dye with love!

In "The Man whom smiling Dolphins bore" etc., there is reference to two passages in the poem. On page 46 the author says—

> The Whale (for late I sang his praise)
> Pours grateful Lustre on my lays;
> How smiles Arion's Friend with partial beams—

and explains in a foot-note that *Arion's Friend* is the dolphin. Then on page 57 occur the lines—

> Thee Trade! I first, who boast no Store,
> Who owe Thee Nought, thus snatch from Shore,
> The Shore of Prose, where Thou hast slumber'd long—

103. 2. SMILES NOT ALLOWED. See *State of Innocence*, Act IV, Scene I, Adam.

103. 3. WHY SAYST THOU SO. See *Earl of Essex*, Act III, Elizabeth. The last phrase should be " 'tis truth."

103. 4. THE MOST HEROICK MIND. See *Cyrus*, Act IV, Scene I, Cyaxares.

104. 1. FOR WHAT'S A WOMAN. Somewhat the same sentiment is to be found in a speech of the Queen in *Busiris*, Act II—

> for what has life to boast
> When Vice is tasteless grown, and Virtue lost?
> Glory and Wealth I call upon in vain,
> Nor Wealth, nor Glory can appease my Pain.

Gay burlesques this type of speech in *What D'Ye Call It*, Introduction, Nettle—"But what's a Sergeant without red Stockings?"

104. 2. ARISTOTLE IN THAT EXCELLENT. Evidently not a bona-fide reference. The passage quoted from Tate occurs in *Injur'd Love*, Act I, Scene III. Fielding's line "Go, Sirrah, go—thou art a setting Dog," may be intended as a parody of a line from *Mithridates*, Act IV, Ziphares—"Go then, thou Setting-Star!"

105. 1. TOTHILL-BRIDEWELL. A jail in which women of the street were confined and forced to beat hemp. In Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, Plate IV, the heroine is shown in Bridewell, attired in slipshod elegance, and mournfully beating hemp. An item in *The Grub-street Journal* for December 3, 1730, in regard to "the notorious Moll Freeman," who was

in Bridewell, says, "she beats hemp one day in velvet, and another day in a gown richly trimm'd with silver."

105. 2. WE MEET WITH SUCH ANOTHER. See *King Arthur*, Act I, Scene I, Aurelius; and *Don Sebastian*, Act IV, Scene I, Benducar.

ACT II

106. 1. THE BAILIFF SCENES. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 33.

106. 2. COME ON, MY TRUSTY. This passage parodies a scene between Antony and Ventidius in *All for Love*, Act I.

Antony. Come on, My Soldier!
Our hearts and armes are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste fate to 'em; Mowe 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

And, in the same scene, but preceding—

Antony. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And man's each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me.

106. 3. MR. ROWE IS GENERALLY. This note refers to the fact that Rowe's style was much quieter than that of most of the dramatists here burlesqued. The character of Bajazet in *Tamerlane*, however, has all the unrestrained tragic fury of Banks and Lee. The lines referred to occur in Act II, Scene II.

Oh! Glorious Thought! By Heav'n! I will enjoy it,
Tho' but in Fancy; Imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast Idea.

The phrase "the vast Idea" has already been used in a speech of the King in Act I, Scene III—

Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul.

In a later comment Fielding is less favorable to Rowe than he is here. In his *Familiar Letters* (1747), he says, ". . . the Fustian of Lee and Rowe with French and Italian buffoonery will in a great measure monopolize the stage." (Henley ed., XVI, p. 29.)

107. 1. I WILL UNFOLD A TALE. Compare with this line one spoken by the Ghost in *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene IV—

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word—

Many speeches of this sort occur in tragedies of Fielding's period; note one from *Timoleon*, Act II, Scene I, Eunesia—

O my Timoleon! summon all thy Reason,
Thy usual Strength of Mind, to hear a Story
That at each Word will wound thee to the Soul.

107. 2. IN EVERY KISS. Heroic love is manifested in much the same way in *Timoleon*, Act V, Scene II, Timophanes—

> See him transfuse his Soul at every Kiss,
> At every Kiss her tender Lips turn pale,
> As angry to be prest; then blushing swell,
> With eager Wishes to be prest again.

107. 3. THOU HAST FIR'D MY EAGER SOUL. In *Medaea*, Act I, Aegaeus—

> O thou hast fir'd my Soul, a pleasing Warmth
> Runs thro' my Veins.

107. 4. WHOLE DAYS. Tom Thumb's love is as constant as that of Antony in *All for Love*, Act II—

> One day past by, and nothing saw but Love;
> Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
> The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
> And I untyr'd with loving.

107. 5. ALMEYDA IN SEBASTIAN. See *Don Sebastian*, Act II, Scene I. In *The Female Warrior*, Act III, Maherball is troubled by the same prophecy—

> The same was told me by my Father's Ghost,
> That when I marry'd, I was surely lost.
> Thrice his shrill Voice denounc'd my doom aloud,
> And thrice he call'd me Son, and thrice I bow'd.

Gay burlesques these warnings in his *What D'Ye Call It*, Act II, Scene I, Peascod—

> Oft my kind Grannam told me—Tim, take warning
> Be good—and say thy Pray'rs—and mind thy Learning.

108. 1. RISE NEVER MORE. See *Busiris*, Act IV, Myron; and Act V, Memnon.

108. 2. THE SUN SETS FORTH. See *Albion Queens*, Act III, Scene I, Morton. Compare with this a passage from Peele's *David and Bethsabe*, Scene VII, Joab—

> As when the sunne, attir'd in glist'ring robe,
> Comes dauncing from his orientall gate,
> And bridegroom-like, hurles through the gloomy aire
> His radiant beames.

Peele borrowed this passage from Spenser; see *Faery Queen*, I, Canto V, 2.

108. 3. NOURMAHAL SENDS. See *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV, Scene I (Speak kindly of me); and *The Persian Princess*, Act V, Scene III, Mirvan. The dramatists often send departing souls to heaven or hell with messages. In *Mariamne*, Act V, Scene IV, after stabbing Sameas, Sohemus says—

> To Hell!
> To Hell, poor timorous wretch, and tell the devil—

and in *The Indian Emperor,* Act I, Scene II, Almeria—

If news be carried to the Shades below,
The Indian Queen will be more pleas'd to know
That I his scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay.

See also *Don Sebastian,* Act IV, Scene III, Sebastian. Compare Tom Thumb's speech, Act III, Scene IX.

109. 1. CLEORA AND MUSTACHA. These two characters do not fit into the burlesque; their sentiments and diction belong to the conventional comedy of the period.

109. 2. BANTAM AND BRENTFORD. A reference to Fielding's *The Author's Farce,* in which the hero was the Prince of Bantam, son of Francis IV of Bantam, and the heroine, Harriot, the daughter of the king of Old Brentford. Fielding borrowed the kings of Brentford from *The Rehearsal,* in which, it will be remembered, there were two kings of that realm, who sat on the same throne and smelled the same flower. Fielding also has two kings, but he makes one the king of Old Brentford, and the other the king of New Brentford.

109. 3. ANTHONY GIVES. See *All for Love,* Act I. Anthony, however, says, "Look that it be sad." In *Mithridates,* Act IV, Ziphares also asks for sad music—

Prithee, *Ismenes,* while I lay me here,
Charm me with some sad Song into a slumber.

109. 4. OH! MARIUS. See *Marius,* Act II, Scene II, Lavinia—

Oh Marius, Marius! wherefore art thou Marius?

Compare *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II, Scene II, Juliet.

109. 5. NOTHING IS MORE COMMON. See *The Victim,* Act I, Agamemnon—

. . . that mighty sounding Name . . .
Wrought on the haughty Weakness of my Soul.

and *Noah's Flood,* Act I, Moloch—

There at the least Advantage, I'le fly in
And teach this great small World of Eight, to Sin.

These paradoxes were a favorite mode of expression. In *Timoleon,* Act II, Scene I, Eunesia—

So great the Pleasure, 'tis a Pain to bear.

and *The Earl of Essex,* Act I, Burleigh—

Tell me that most unhappy, happy Man—

110. 1. THE ZEPHYR. Compare one of Statira's speeches in *The Rival Queens,* Act I—

Not the Springs Mouth, nor Breath of Jesamin,
Nor Violets Infant sweets, nor opening Buds
Are half so sweet as Alexander's Breast.

In later editions this passage reads—

Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
The fragrant violet, or the op'ning rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.

110. 2. I HAVE OBSERV'D OF LATE. Speeches resembling this appear in *The Earl of Essex* and *Cato*—

I have observ'd you have been sad of late.
. . . and why that Cloud,
That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?
Come, I will find a noble Husband for thee.
(Act III, Elizabeth.)

I have observ'd of late thy Looks are fall'n
O'ercast with gloomy Cares and Discontent.
(Act I, Juba.)

110. 3. LEE HATH IMPROV'D. See *Gloriana*, Act II, Narcissa.

111. 1. THAT ONCE I EAT. Huncamunca's attitude here toward her prowess in eating is in accord with heroic tradition. In Dryden's *Essay of Dramatick Poesy*, Crites, a partisan of the ancients, says, "Homer described his heroes men of great appetites, lovers of beef broiled upon the coals, and good fellows; contrary to the practice of the French Romances, whose heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, for love."

111. 2. ALMAHIDE HATH. See *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II, Act IV, Scene III—

To eat and drink can no perfection be.
All Appetite implies Necessity.

and *The Earl of Essex*, Act II; and *The State of Innocence*, Act IV, final scene.

111. 3. THIS EXPRESSION IS ENOUGH. Fielding is burlesquing here such a passage as the following from Dennis's *Remarks on the Conscious Lovers*—"Now this Behaviour is by no means consistent with the Character of Indiana; familiar and Modest are not in this Case very compatible; and then what does Sir Richard mean by 'wept as in the Arms of one before whom she could give herself a Loose'? If these words have any Meaning, I would fain know what it is."

See *Cleomenes*, Act II, Scene II, Cassandra. "Cassandra speaks," etc., does not refer to the passage just quoted, but to a scene in Act IV between Cassandra and Cleomenes in which the lady woos Cleomenes ardently and much against his will.

112. 1. A COUNTRY-DANCE. This speech seems to be made up of odds and ends from various plays. In *The Rival Queens*, Act IV, Statira says—

. . . my heart leaps, and beats and fain would out,
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet.

In *Medaea*, Act II, Ethra—

. . . Indignant Joy
Crimsons your Cheek; your Features rise in Raptures
Mix'd with Despair; your Eyes dart baleful Fires.

In *The Persian Princess*, Act II, Artaban—

Beauty reassumes its Throne
The sprightly Charms mount up into her Face,
And play, like Cupids, round their Mother Goddess.

In *Love Triumphant*, Act II, Aphonso—

. . . new Flames arise
From ev'ry Glance; and kindle from your Eyes.

Perhaps the following, *The Earl of Essex*, Act III, Elizabeth, comes the nearest to this speech by the King—

A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malitious Flames flasht in a moment from
Thy Eyes like Lightning from thy O'recharg'd Soul
And fir'd thy Breast, which like a hard-ramm'd Piece,
Discharg'd unmannerly upon my face.

112. 2. I'VE GNAW'D MY SHEETS. Evidently a proverbial expression. Its meaning appears in a song from Congreve's *Love for Love*, Act III, Scene IV—

For now the time was ended
When she no more intended
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir
And lie o' Nights alone.

112. 3. LEAD APES IN HELL. The proverbial result of dying an old maid. Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act II, Scene I, Katherine—

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Also *Much Ado*, Act II, Scene I, Beatrice—"I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes in hell."

112. 4. HER EYES RESISTLESS. See Lee's *Sophonisba*, Act III, Masinissa.

112. 5. MR. DENNIS. See *Liberty Asserted*, Act I, Scene II, Beaufort; Act II, Scene IV, Irene (The Joy that lightens from thy humid Eyes); and Act III, Sakia. "So great a stroke," etc., refers to Dennis's hatred of the French and his delusion that the French were making attempts to seize him. *Liberty Asserted* is essentially an anti-Gallic tract. It was said that some of Dennis's enemies circulated the story that he believed that Louis XIV was much offended by the play, and would insist on the surrender of his person to the French; and moreover that once when Dennis, walking on the seashore, saw a ship sailing toward him, he thought it was a French privateer, and fled to London in his gown and

slippers. (See Paul, *John Dennis*, p. 40, note; and Swift, ed. of 1883, XIII, p. 190, note.)

113. 1. LOUD ALARMS OF JOY. Parody of *Timoleon*, Act V, Lycander—

What Eyes are there? How pointed is each Glance!
O they are calls to Love.—Those heaving Breasts,
They beat Alarms to Joy.

113. 2. JOVE, WITH EXCESSIVE. See *Gloriana*, Act IV, Augustus.

113. 3. MR. W—. Possibly another allusion to Welsted. The two lines from "the New Sophonisba" are both spoken by Masinissa, Act III, Scene II; and Act II, Scene III. They are imitated from Lee's *Sophonisba*—"O Sophonisba, oh!" (Act I, Masinissa.) This seems to have been a favorite formula with Lee. In *Lucius Junius Brutus* the phrase "O, Lucrece, O!" occurs twice in Act I, and "O, Titus, Oh!" in Act II. The first of the two lines Fielding quotes had already become notorious and had been parodied in—

Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, Oh!

113. 4. DUKE UPON DUKE. See *Miscellanies in Verse, By Mr. Pope, &c. Collected 1727*. This song was a ballad about a quarrel between Sir John Guise and Nicholas, Lord Lechmere, of Lancaster. The two combatants are referred to as "John, Duke of Guise" and "Nic, Duke of Lancastere." A broadside copy is dated 24th August, 1720. (See Swift, ed. of 1883, XII, p. 297.) The song had no connection with *Sophonisba*, which was written in 1730.

113. 5. YOUR GRACE IS FULL OF GAME. See *The Bloody Brother*, Act V, Scene II.

114. 1. PRUSSIAN GRENADIER. Evidently the guard of Frederick William I (1688-1740) was even in 1731 famous outside of Germany.

114. 2. TWO GLOBES ARE LESS. Compare *The Rival Queens*, Act III, Roxana—

. . . moulding with his hand my throbbing Breast,
He swore the Globes of Heaven and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds.

114. 3. TRAVERSE THE GLITT'RING. See Lee's *Sophonisba* (*or, Hannibal's Overthrow*), Act V, Masinissa. Compare also Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act V, Scene I, the King—

Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envy our embraces.

115. 1. FROM ONE POLE. See *Medaea*, Act III, Medaea—

Thy Glory will resound from Pole to Pole.

Note also *Hurlothrumbo*, the final speech—"those sounds rebound from Sky to Sky."

115. 2. THE FLEET. The disreputable clergymen who performed marriages at Fleet Prison were notorious. Note *The Grub-street Journal* for August 6, 1730—"The Clergymen who perform marriages within

the rules of the Fleet prison, are under prosecution at the suit of the Crown, for not giving their certificates upon stamp'd paper, pursuant to the statute in that case made and provided.''

115. 3. LET THE FOUR WINDS. In the earlier version of the play, *The Island Queens,* the passage reads—

> Winds bear it into France to glad her Friends,
> Winds waft it into Scotland to her Foes,
> Till with the News they blast, with envy dye. (Act II, Norfolk.)

115. 4. I DO NOT REMEMBER. See Lee's *Sophonisba,* Act I, Hannibal. The second passage does not occur in *The Duke of Guise* but in *Caesar Borgia,* Act IV, Borgia. For the third citation see *Gloriana,* Act IV, Narcissa. It may be noted that all three of these plays are by Lee.

116. 1. THIS IMAGE TOO. See *Aureng-Zebe,* Act II, Emperor, and *Busiris,* Act V, Busiris (Think not a Crown).

116. 2. THERE IS GREAT DISSENSION. For passages cited see *State of Innocence,* Act IV, Scene I, Lucifer; *All for Love,* Act III, Cleopatra (I was made . . . course Matter . . . she was finished); *Cleomenes,* Act II, Scene II, Cleonidas (''their Dough'' and, third line, ''For want of Souls: And so . . .''); *Don Sebastian,* Act II, Scene I, Dorax; *Anna Bullen,* Act III, Blunt (His waxen Soul); *Don Sebastian,* Act II, Scene I, Emperor; *King Arthur,* Act II, Philidel; Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act I, Scene IV, Masinissa. Pope had used the long catalogue of references as a satiric device in *The Art of Sinking in Poetry* (Swift, XIII, 36 ff.).

117. 1. THIS LINE MR. BANKS. See *Anna Bullen,* Act I, Queen—

> But what is Musick to the Ear that's deaf;
> Or Crowns and Scepters to the Dying Wretch.

117. 2. GOOD HEAVEN! THE BOOK. See *The Conquest of Granada,* Part I, Act III, Almanzor.

117. 3. ALTERCATIVE SCENE. The scolding scene between Cleopatra and Octavia in *All for Love,* Act III—

> Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,
> Your haughty Carriage—
> Cleop. Shows I am a Queen:
> Nor need I ask who you are.
> Octav. A Roman.
> A name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.
> Cleop. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.
> Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that name
> To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
> To free him hence.
> Cleop. Peace, Peace, my Lover's Juno.
> When he grew weary of that Household-Clog,
> He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easie; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious Art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: let Caesar witness.

. . . . .

(coming up close to her.) I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,
To find th' inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.
Cleop. O, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these Charms, you had not lost his heart.

A speech by Thomyris in *Cyrus,* Act III, reminds one of the opening of this scene—

I need not ask who is the famous Cyrus?
Something which makes great Souls so near ally'd
Tells me you are that excellent brave Man.

The allusion to Addison has reference to *The Guardian,* 110—"Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character . . ." (Addison, ed. of 1804, IV, p. 57).

118. 1. A COBLING POET. See *Injur'd Love,* Act III, Scene III, Montacelsi. The word "cobling" may be a hit at Dennis. In *The Battle of the Poets* (p. 10) he is referred to as "A punning Cobler."

118. 2. MR. L—. Possibly Lyttelton, who had lately written *An Epistle to Mr. Pope* (1730) in which Pope alone of English writers is made worthy of a seat beside Homer and Virgil. The phraseology suggests Dryden, who had said in his *Defence of the Epilogue,* in proving the superiority of the moderns over the Elizabethans—"That an alteration is lately made in ours [language] or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Johnson), is manifest. Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it in every line."

The passage from *The Earl of Essex* occurs in Act III, the Countess. The remark about *Sophonisba* is quite true; it might in fact apply to almost any of these plays.

119. 1. LEFT, SCORN'D, AND LOATH'D. A parody of *Cleomenes,* Act IV, Cassandra (see Fielding's note)—

Left, scorn'd, and loath'd, and all without Relief,
Revenge succeeds to Love, and Rage to Grief.
Tempests and whirlwinds—

119. 2. LOVE MOUNTS. See *Aureng-Zebe,* Act IV, Scene I, Aureng-Zebe; and *Cleomenes,* Act IV, Cassandra.

119. 3. WITH SUCH A FURIOUS. See *Anna Bullen,* Act I, Scene I, Northumberland.

119. 4. VERBA TRAGICA. Such outbursts as these are common, especially in Lee. One from *Oedipus* fairly outdoes Glumdalca's effort. In Act II Oedipus breaks out with—

Night, Horrour, Death, Confusion, Hell, and Furies!

In *Nero,* another of Lee's plays, Brittanicus exclaims—

O GODS! Devils! Hell, Heaven, and Earth! (Act III, Scene I.)

119. 5. MY LIFE IS WORN. See *Love Triumphant,* Act IV, Garcia. Dryden also uses this figure in *All for Love,* Act V, Ventidius—

The Life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I cou'd wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace.

and in *The Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act I, Ozmyn—

I cast it [life] from me, like a Garment torn,
Ragged, and too indecent to be worn.

120. 1. WHAT DO I HEAR. This and "What do I see?" are common questions in these tragedies. In Mallet's *Eurydice* especially "What do I hear?" recurs again and again. Note also *The Victim,* Act II, Eriphile—

What do I hear? Oh my exulting Heart!

and *The Indian Emperor,* Act IV, Scene IV, Cydaria—

May I believe my Eyes! what do I see!

120. 2. MUST I BEG. See *Don Sebastian,* Act II, Scene I, Emperor.

120. 3. WHEN THOU WERT FORM'D. See *Aureng-Zebe,* Act III, Scene I, Aureng-Zebe. Banks also uses this expression in *The Earl of Essex,* Act I, Burleigh—

—A Race
Of Mungrels, Jews, Mahumetans, Gothes, Moors
And Indians, with a few of Old Castillians
Shuffl'd in Nature's Mould together.

120. 4. I AM A MULTITUDE. This passage does not occur in Thomson's *Sophonisba.* In Lee's *Sophonisba* (Act III, Masinissa) there is a somewhat similar line—

I am . . .
A Walking Grave, with Sorrows overgrown.

120. 5. I WILL TAKE THY SCORPION BLOOD. See *Anna Bullen,* Act II, King (thy Blood, thy Scorpion Blood).

120. 6. OUR AUTHOR. For the reference to *Eurydice,* see Act IV, Scene VIII—"Eurydice kneels to Periander, who after looking on her for some time with emotion, flings away without speaking." For the reference to Dr. Young, see *Busiris,* Act IV, a stage direction—"As

Memnon is going, Mandane meets him. Both start back; she shrieks. Memnon recover himself and falls at her Kneees, embracing them; she raises him; he takes her passionately in his Arms. They continue speechless and motionless some Time.''

The quotation from Seneca is from *Phaedra,* 607.

The ''Egyptian King'' was Psammenitus, who beheld in silence his daughter led into slavery, and his sons to death, but wept bitterly when he saw one of his servants in a band of captives. (See Herodotus, *Thalia,* III, 14; and Montaigne, *Essais,* Livre I, Chapitre II, De la Tristesse.)

121. 1. PARSON. See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 33.

121. 2. TO PART IS DEATH. This passage does not occur in *Don Carlos,* but in Gay's *What D'Ye Call It,* Act I, Scene II—

> Kitty. To part is Death.
> Filbert. 'Tis Death to part.
> Kitty. Ah!
> Filbert. Oh!

121. 3. NOR KNOW I WHETHER. See *Busiris,* Act II, Memnon; and *Gloriana,* Act III, Caesario. The first phrase is wrongly quoted; the original is—

> —my restless Thought,
> Like working Billows in a troubled Sea
> Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
> What am I, who, or where? Ha! where indeed!

121. 4. TO UNDERSTAND SUFFICIENTLY. See *The Duke of Guise,* Act II, Grillon; *The Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act I, Benzayda, and Act II, Selin; *The State of Innocence,* Act II, Scene II, Eve; *The Earl of Essex,* Act III, Elizabeth (in thy Ear); Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act IV, Scene IV, Masinissa; *Busiris,* Act III, Myron (Nor leave me thus); *Medaea,* Act I, Scene III, Jason (I see myself); *Albion Queens,* Act I, Norfolk (And she, the sad); and *The Conquest of Granada,* Part I, Act II, Abdalla. The ascription of this passage to *Albion Queens* was undoubtedly a printer's error; Albion Queens should have gone with the previous quotation—''Banks's Albion Queens.''

122. 1. MR. F— IMAGINES. Fielding. Cheshire lies on the Welsh boundary.

123. 1. I'VE SEEN A THOUSAND. In a comic scene in *Lucius Junius Brutus,* Act I, Vinditius says—

> I for my own part
> Have seen to day fourscore and nineteen Prodigies and a half.

The allusion to ''the wonderful Bitch'' seems to be explained in the following item from *The Grub-street Journal* for February 25, 1731—a few weeks before *The Tragedy of Tragedies* appeared—''One night this week the famous French Dog, who plays at cards with surprizing dex-

terity, and performs many wonderful tricks, beat Dr. Arbuthnot, one of her Majesty's Physicians, 2 games at Quadrille before the junior Dutchess of Marlborough, and many other great personages. (*London Evening Post.*) *For the honour of the Sex, it was a French Bitch.*'' This last italicized sentence is the comment of *The Grub-street Journal* itself.

123. 2. OUR AUTHOR HATH BEEN PLUNDER'D. See *Love Triumphant*, Act IV, Celidea (The Fabrick of this Globe); and *Albion Queens*, Act IV, Scene I, Gifford. For the third citation see *The Persian Princess*, Act II, Mirvan. Many other dramatists have ''plunder'd our Author'' here. At the opening of *Oedipus*, Alcander says—

> Methinks we stand on Ruines, Nature shakes
> About us; and the Universal Frame
> So loose, that it but wants another Push
> To leap from off its hindges.

In *All for Love*, Act II, Antony—

> Dye! Rather let me perish: loosn'd Nature
> Leap from off its hinges. Sink the props of heav'n,
> And fall the Skyes to crush the neather World.

Maherball, in *The Female Warrior*, Act III, speaks of ''the tott'ring Earth from its Foundations driv'n,'' and Zoilus in Act II says, ''Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling World'' (quoted later—Act III, Scene VIII). For an earlier use in drama of ''the World's Hinge'' see Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act V, Scene VI, Sejanus—

> Shake off the loosn'd Globe from its long hinge.

123. 3. D—N YOUR DELAY. See *Conquest of Granada*, Part II, Act IV, Scene III, Almanzor.

123. 4. MR. DRYDEN HATH IMITATED. See *All for Love*, Act IV—

> Ventidius. Ev'n she, my Lord!
> Antony. My Cleopatra?
> Ventidius. Your Cleopatra;
> Dollabella's Cleopatra:
> Every Man's Cleopatra.

124. 1. THIS MILTONICK STILE. See Thomson's *Sophonisba*, Act II, Scene III (Sits Majesty). The Miltonic quality evidently lies in ''ample'' and ''majesty enthroned.'' There was great interest in Milton at this time. He was frequently cited in critical writing, especially by Dennis, and *The Grub-street Journal* vented its sarcasm on poets who tried to imitate him. Note also an attack in Pope's *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, Chapter IX, on ''sundry poems in imitation of Milton.''

124. 2. YOUR EV'RY ANSWER. See *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV, Scene I, Aureng-Zebe (So well, your every Question ends in that). Both passages occur in the same speech.

124. 3. HERE IS A SENTIMENT. See *Cyrus*, Act II, Panthea. The passage ascribed to *Love Triumphant* does not appear in that play.

125. 1. THE GLOOMY, BROODING TEMPESTS. These tempests in the minds of tragic characters are very frequent. The two following passages are spoken by Olinthus, in *Timoleon,* Act III, Scene II—

I have a tempest raging in my Mind

and—

Rage, Duty, Grief, Revenge, and Pity meeting,
Raise up a Hurricane within my Soul,
That puts out ev'ry Light of Reason in me.

Note also *Lucius Junius Brutus,* Act IV, Brutus—

Think that I love thee by my present Passion,
By these unmanly tears, these Earthquakes here.

Cyrus, Act III, Scene III, Abradatus—

O, I am ruin'd—Hell is in my Bosom.

and *Cleomenes,* Act III, Cratisiclea—

Some Secret anguish rowls within his Breast
That shakes him like an Earthquake.

125. 2. A RIDICULOUS SUPPOSITION. Burlesque of Dennis's style. See *Virtue Betray'd* (*Anna Bullen*), Act III, the King; and *The Persian Princess,* Act V, Mirvan (their empty Regions). Note also *The Duke of Guise,* Act IV, Guise—

The Fires that would have form'd ten thousand Angels
Were cram'd together for my single Soul.

125. 3. MR. ADDISON IS GENERALLY. See the end of the second, and not the third, Act of *Cato*—

So, where our wide Numidian Wasts extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprize
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

126. 1. THIS BEAUTIFUL SIMILE. Similar comments are to be found in the preface and prologue of the *Tom Thumb* of 1730. The idea probably came from Wagstaffe's *Comment.* As Fielding notes here, his dialogue contains many "little Aphorisms"; for instance, Huncamunca's reference to the needle in the haystack (Act II, Scene IX).

For the citation from *The Conquest of Granada,* see Part I, Act II, Lindaraxa.

In referring to Bacon, Fielding seems to have had no particular passage in mind, but rather Bacon's habit of quoting from Solomon, and his high regard for the wisdom of the Proverbs. (Note especially *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning* and a long passage in *De Dignitate et Augmentis,* Book VIII, Chapter II.)

ACT III

127. 1. OF ALL THE PARTICULARS. For references to Aristotle and Horace, see *Poetics*, 1450a 38 (Bywater) and *Odes* I, 4, 16.

In the matter of ghosts Fielding is referring to the classic plays; in the heroic plays ghosts were numerous and loquacious. The stage treatment of ghosts—night-gown and cap and a lantern on a pole—did render them "properer for Comedy." The ridiculous stage ghost of this period may be seen in Hogarth's print *The State of the Theatre in 1733.* (Note also illustrations in 1830 and 1837 editions of O'Hara's *Tom Thumb.*)

Dacier was frequently cited in critical literature, and was especially famous for the length of his critiques. A writer in *The Grub-street Journal* for January 15, 1730, speaks of certain remarks as "extended to as great a length as the longest of Monsieur Dacier's upon any Ode of Horace."

127. 2. THIS FIGURE. Occasional contradictions like the following are noticeable—

> Eunesia. O speak to me!
> Dinarchus. I cannot.
> My Passion boils and bubbles in my Throat
> Choaks up, and stops the Passage of my Words.
> (*Timoleon*, Act II, Scene I.)

128. 1. ALMANZOR REASONS. See *Conquest of Granada*, Part I, Act IV, Scene II.

128. 2. THE MAN WHO WRIT. An allusion to a story about Dennis told in *An Epistle to Sir Richard Steele. . . .* By B. Victor. (1722.) Purcell, Congreve, and Dennis happened to be together in a tavern one day. Purcell, wishing to be rid of Dennis, and knowing his aversion to puns, deliberately made a very bad one. Thereupon, "Says D—s, (starting up) God's Death, Sir, the Man that will make such an execrable Pun as that in my Company, will pick my Pocket, and so left the Room." Dennis and the Pun are spoken of in *The Battle of the Poets* and in *The Dunciad*, I, 61.

For citations see *Liberty Asserted*, Act IV, Scene VI ("fare well" and "fare"); and *The Victim*, Act II, Agamemnon.

Puns in the drama of this period are rare in serious scenes; one has been noted in *Caesar Borgia*, Act I, Scene I, Ascanio—"The Pope . . . sends his Bulls abroad that roar like Thunder." The status of the pun in the Restoration is made clear in Dryden's *Essay in Defence of the Epilogue*, where he speaks of it as a vice of the Elizabethans.

129. 1. RED SEA. Ghosts were supposed to dislike being laid in the Red Sea. (See Grose, *Provincial Glossary*, p. 253, and *Notes and Queries*, III, 12, p. 56.)

129. 2. I'LL PULL THEE BACKWARD. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV, Almanzor; and *Cyrus,* Act II, Cyrus.

129. 3. SO, THOU ART GONE. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV, Scene III, Almanzor. "In spite of Ghosts I'll on" is not spoken by Almanzor, but by Oedipus, in Lee's *Oedipus,* Act II.

130. 1. SO HAVE I SEEN THE BEES. "So have I seen" was a favorite introduction for the elaborate Homeric similes. In this passage Fielding catalogues a few of the conventional similes of the dramatists. Note *The Persian Princess,* Act II, Scene I, the High Priest—

The People swarm, like Troops of Summer Bees.

Mary Queen of Scots, Act II, Scene I, Davison—

They . . . swarm'd like Bees upon her Coaches side.

The Persian Princess, Act V, Scene I, Oxartes—

His Passion makes him rage, as wildly fierce,
As the scorch'd Tempest beaten Sands of Africk.

Thomson's *Sophonisba,* Act I, Masinissa—

For circling Sands
When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the lands;
. . . Are gentle to the tempest of the mind.

The Victim, Act IV, Agamemnon—

. . . our Reason and our Power
Are weaker than autumnal Leaves, blown off
And scatter'd by the Winds.

Hurlothrumbo, the final speech—"they'll drop to the Earth as Leaves in Autumn fall."

In the Introduction to Gay's *Beggar's Opera,* the Beggar says, "I have introduc'd the Similes that are in all your celebrated Operas: The Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c."

130. 2. THE GHOST OF LAUSARIA. See *Cyrus,* Act V.

130. 3. THOU BETTER PART. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV, Scene III, Almanzor. (All these quotations from *The Conquest of Granada* are from the scene between Almanzor and his mother's ghost.)

131. 1. Abuse of the simile is one of the most striking weaknesses of the tragic style, both heroic and classic. In the following passage, *Albion Queens,* Act II, Scene I, Davison, there are four similes in as many lines—

But till she spoke, they hung like cluster'd Grapes
And cover'd all her Chariot like a Vine,
The loaded Wheels thick as the Dust did hide,
And swarm'd like Bees upon her Coaches side.

The two following similes are from *Gloriana,* Act V, Gloriana and Caesario. They illustrate a characteristic lack of propriety in comparison—

What sudden horrour's this that clouds your eyes
Like damps that from some vaults foul bottom rise.

and—

She parted from life's Tree
Hard like Green-fruit, and she was pluck'd by me.

131. 2. THIS PASSAGE HATH BEEN. See *King Arthur*, Act II, Scene II, Mathilda.

132. 1. DRYDEN'S OVID. The story of Danaë is referred to in the *Metamorphoses*, Book IV, 610, and Book VI, 113; but neither of these passages was translated by Dryden. The escapades of Jove are also referred to in *Cyrus*, Act IV, Cyaxares—

The Crime is not so great to be in Love;
The Gods themselves have often felt its Power,
Witness the many scapes of Jupiter.

As for Dollalolla's reading Ovid, Fielding had a precedent for that in Alphonso in *Love Triumphant* (Act II, Scene I), who quotes several lines from Ovid, and says—

His Love Epistles for my Friends I chose
For there I found the kindred of my Woes.

132. 2. CYDARIA IS OF THE SAME. See *Indian Emperor*, Act IV, Scene IV. Another of Dryden's heroines has this same fear of the dark—Angellina in *The Rival Ladies*, Act I, Scene III, says—

Alas! I am betray'd to darkness here;
Darkness which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear

132. 3. THINK WELL OF THIS. See Thomson's *Sophonisba*, Act IV, Phoenissa.

133. 1. The situation here is a common one in tragedy. In a great many of these plays the tyranny of the king or soaring ambition in the princes or nobles leads to rebellion. (See *The Persian Princess, Gloriana, The Duke of Guise, Aureng-Zebe*, and many more of these tragedies.)

134. 1. HE IS ALONE EQUAL. There was no limit to the courage of the tragic hero. Timophanes, in *Timoleon*, Act III, Scene VI, shows a spirit which equals that of Tom Thumb or Achilles in the passage quoted from *The Victim*. This speech also is spoken during an insurrection—

Since they dare murmur, like an Angry God,
Dreadful I'll rise, and bow 'em to my Nod.
Singly will stand the Atlas of the State,
With mind intrepid, scornful of their Hate,
Assert my Throne, and dare opposing Fate.

134. 2. CREDAT JUDAEUS APELLES. See Horace, Satires, I, 5, 100. Theobald uses this quotation in *Shakespeare Restored*, p. 123—"I cannot help saying with HORACE, Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego."

Dryden's "Defence of his Almanzor" is in *An Essay of Heroic Plays*. A part of it is as follows—" 'tis at last charged upon me, that Almanzor

does all things; or if you will have an absurd accusation, in their nonsense who make it, that he performs impossibilities. They say, that being a stranger, he appeases two hostile factions, when the authority of their lawful sovereign could not. This is indeed the most improbable of his actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. . . . But we have read both of Caesar, and many other generals, who have not only calmed a mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an army of their enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own leaders and come over to their trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's actions you see him for the most part victorious; but the same fortune has constantly attended many heroes, who were not imaginary.'' Dryden later admitted Almanzor's extravagance. In the ''Epistle Dedicatory'' to *The Spanish Fryar* (1681) he says, ''I remember some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance.''

The passage from *The Victim* is from Act I.

134. 3. I HAVE HEARD OF BEING. This reminds one of a passage from ''The Author's Apology,'' prefixed to Dryden's *State of Innocence.* In speaking of a criticism of the lines, ''Seraphs and Cherubs . . . all dissolved in hallelujahs lie,'' he says, ''I have heard (says one of them) of anchovies *dissolved* in sauce; but never of an angel *in hallelujahs.* A mighty witticism (if you will pardon a new word) but there is a mighty difference between a laugher and a critic. How easy 'tis to turn into ridicule the best descriptions, when once a man is in the humor of laughing, till he wheezes at his own dull jest! But an image which is strongly and beautifully set before the eyes of the reader will still be poetry when the merry fit is over, and last when the other is forgotten.''

The passage ''Unless we borrow wings'' is not in *Love Triumphant,* but in *King Arthur,* Act III, Aurelius. For other passages cited see *Injur'd Love,* Act III, Scene III, Francisco; *Sophonisba,* Act I, Scene IV, Syphax (Here my Chains grind me first) and (Blue Plagues); Act IV, Scene I, Phoenissa (White occasion); Act II, Scene III, Masinissa (a soul pointed high with spirit); and *The Revenge,* Act III, Alonzo. The phrase ''blue serenity'' does not appear in *Sophonisba.* ''White occasion'' meant favorable opportunity, and had been so used in *The Conquest of Granada* (the White Moment of your Fate—Part I, Act IV, Scene I, Almanzor).

135. 1. A VICTORY LIKE THAT. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV, Scene II, Soldier.

135. 2. WELL HAVE WE CHOSE. See *King Arthur,* Act I, Scene I, Aurelius. Other characters also believed that certain days were ''lucky, or unfortunate.'' In *Busiris,* the heroine, Mandane, says (Act I)—

> Alas! this Day
> First gave me Birth, and (which is strange to tell)

The Fates e'er since, as watching its Return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With something Great, Extremes of Good or Ill.

Note also *The Earl of Essex,* Act IV, the Earl—

My Father once . . .
Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth Year;
That year said he will fatal to thee prove;
Something like Death, or worse than Death will seize thee.

135. 3. WE READ OF SUCH. See *Gloriana,* Act II, Marcellus (a Flight she never had).

136. 1. THESE LINES ARE COPIED. See *The Indian Emperor,* Act IV, Scene IV, Pizarro.

136. 2. UNBORN THUNDER. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act III, Almahide.

136. 3. WERE HEAVEN AND EARTH. See *Female Warrior,* Act II, Zoilus.

137. 1. HEAR THEN THE MYSTICK GETTING. This seems to be a parody of the scene between Almanzor and the Ghost of his mother (*The Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV)—

I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy shadow of her mould'ring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.

. . . . .

From antient Blood thy Father's Linage springs,
Thy Mothers thou deriv'st from stemms of Kings.
A Christian born, and born again, that day
When sacred Water wash'd thy sins away.

137. 2. SEE THE HISTORY. These lines appear in Wagstaffe's *Comment.* The only important variant is in the fourth line from the end—"Of this old Merlin then foretold." See also the story of Tom Thumb in Ashton, *Chap-Books.*

137. 3. AMAZEMENT SWALLOWS UP. See *Persian Princess,* Act IV, Scene I, Artaban (my Senses).

137. 4. I HAVE OUTFACED. Only the second line of this citation appears in *King Arthur* (Act III, Scene II, Emmeline). "I have outfaced my self" is spoken by Almanzor in *The Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act V, Scene I.

137. 5. THE CHARACTER OF MERLIN. The only prophecy of this sort which occurs in the plays specifically cited by Fielding seems to be in *King Arthur,* where Merlin conjures up a masque in which the commercial greatness of the British nation is foretold. A much more pointed example of political prophecy is the long speech of Cranmer at the close

of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, where at Elizabeth's baptism all the glories of her reign are foretold.

138. 1. FOR LIBERTY I FIGHT. Apparently a parody of a passage from *The Indian Emperor*, Act II, Scene II—

> Odmar. All obstacles my Courage shall remove.
> Guyomar. Fall on, fall on,
> Odmar. For Liberty.
> Guyomar. For Love.

In the hero of *Timoleon* zeal for Liberty was united with Love. The author says in the prologue that—

> His Hero burns with Liberty, with Love,
> With Liberty, each manly Briton's care;
> With Love, inspir'd by every British Fair.

138. 2. I SAW THE VILLAIN. See *Busiris*, Act III, Auletes—

> I saw the Monster,
> The Villain Myron, with these Eyes I saw him.

138. 3. AND GAVE HIM LIBERTY. See *Liberty Asserted*, Act II, Scene II, Ulamar.

138. 4. ARE YOU THE CHIEF. See Lee's *Sophonisba*, Act V (Art thou).

139. 1. A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT. This battle was undoubtedly carried out with all the uproar usual in stage battles. In regard to the use of battles on the stage Dryden says in *An Essay of Heroic Plays*, "To those who object my frequent use of drums and trumpets, and my representations of battles, I answer I introduced them not on the English stage: Shakespeare used them frequently; and though Jonson shows no battle in his Catiline, yet you hear from behind the scenes the sounding of trumpets, and shouts of fighting armies. But I add farther, that these warlike instruments, and even their presentations of fighting on the stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an heroic play; that is, to raise the imagination of the audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the theatre is really performed." (See Introduction, Chapter III, p. 31.)

139. 2. TO HELL THEN. Compare Act II, Scene II, Noodle, and notes.

139. 3. DR. YOUNG SEEMS. See *Busiris*, Act V, Myron and Memnon.

140. 1. KNOCKS SOFTLY. This figure was used by Dryden, sometimes so well that it is hardly a legitimate object of parody. In *All for Love*, Act V, Antony says, speaking of death—

> He us'd him carelessly
> With a familiar kindness: ere he knock'd,
> Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
> As who shou'd say, Y'are welcome at all hours,
> A Friend need give no warning.

and in *Don Sebastian*, Act V, Scene I, Alvarez—

> But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul—

140. 2. HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE. Both well-known summer resorts at this time, especially for the families of tradesmen. "Visits to Hampstead in those days [1726] . . . called for the services of the daily stage coach." (See Boulton, *Amusements of Old London,* and also Besant, *London in the Eighteenth Century.*)

140. 3. THIS LAST SPEECH. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act III, Scene I, Almanzor.

140. 4. MY SOUL SHOULD. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act V, Scene II, Almanzor; and *Gloriana,* Act I, Julia.

140. 5. A RISING VAPOUR. See *Cleomenes,* Act V, Scene II, Cleomenes (rumbles).

140. 6. SOME KIND SPRITE. See *Don Sebastian,* Act IV, Scene I, the Emperor.

140. 7. MY SOUL IS PACKING UP. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part II, Act IV, Abdalla. Another passage of this sort occurs in *The Rival Queens,* Act V, Statira—

> My life is on the wing, my Love, my Lord,
> Come to my Arms, and take the last Adieu.

140. 8. AND IN A PURPLE VOMIT. See *Cleomenes,* Act I, Coenus—

> He . . . broke a vein;
> And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.

A similar figure appears in *Tamerlane,* Act I, Moneses—

> He holds down Life as Children do a Potion,
> With strong reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings,
> Whilst his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

In *Caesar Borgia,* Act V, Scene II, Borgia says—

> Through a thousand wounds
> Thus, horrid Priest! purge out thy lustful blood,
> And Vomit thy black Soul.

140. 9. THE DEVIL SWALLOWS. See *Don Sebastian,* Act I, Scene I, Dorax—

> —the great Devil
> Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he swallows Vulgar
> Like whip'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.

141. 1. HOW I COULD CURSE. See *Cleomenes,* Act II, Ptolemy.

141. 2. THE COFFEE HOUSE POLITICIAN. Written by Fielding himself, and produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1730. The line cited occurs in the final scene, Worthy—"Come, Gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this Day at my House to-morrow." A printer's error—*to-morrow* should begin a new sentence. It is corrected in later editions.

142. 1. DEAF BE MY EARS. Parallels for this outburst may be found in several plays. Note *Lucius Junius Brutus,* Act IV, Valerius—

> O from this time let me be blind and dumb.

The Female Warrior, Act III, Archias—

Let me be dumb for ever; let the Tomb
Gape wide, swallow me quick, and keep me dumb.

and *Gloriana,* Act I, Augustus—

That Julia's name no more may cleave my head,
Strike me for ever deaf, deaf as the dead.

142. 2. HANG ALL THE CULPRITS. Burlesque of the inflated speeches which mark the crises of these tragedies. The following from *Don Carlos,* Act V, the King, is representative of any number which might be quoted—

Run, sally out, and set the World on fire,
Alarum Nature, let loose all the Winds;
Set free those spirits whom strong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as Mine.

142. 3. OH! I AM SLAIN. The solution by massacre is not so characteristic of the original heroic plays as it is of the later tragedies. In spite of all the bloodshed in the course of the action of the heroic plays, they generally ended happily with the marriage of the hero and heroine. With the growing influence of the Elizabethans toward the end of the seventeenth century, however, the solution by massacre was brought back into use. Note Introduction, Chapter III, p. 32.

142. 4. THESE BEAUTIFUL PHRASES. The speech Fielding refers to is in Act III, Conon—

. . . strait a rumbling sound, like bellowing Winds,
Rose and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiss of Snakes;
Shreiks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An armed Winter, and Inverted Day.

142. 5. I WAS BUT TEACHING HIM. See *Cleomenes,* Act I, Cleomenes.

143. 1. JACK FOR MUSTARD. Possibly a child's game in which cards finally fell into a heap.

143. 2. DEATH DID AT LENGTH. See *Conquest of Granada,* Part I, Act II, Abdalla. A similar passage occurs in *Oedipus,* Act I, Scene I, Diocles—

Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes.

In *Cleomenes,* Cleonidas, the son of Cleomenes, is killed by Coenus, who is killed in revenge by Cleomenes. Cleomenes and his friend Cleanthes then run on each other's swords, and Pantheus, another friend of Cleomenes, commits suicide by running on his own sword. "I speak no ques-

tions then'' is spoken by Pantheus when he sees the bodies of Cleonidas and Coenus on the stage.

The lines from *The Rival Ladies* are spoken by Manuel in Act V (Angellina holds upon).

143. 3. No Scene, I believe. *Encores* seems to be a reference to the small audiences which greeted tragedies, because of the overwhelming popularity of opera and spectacular entertainments.

In his remark about ''that Fierce Spirit of Liberty'' Fielding is hitting at Dennis, who was constantly talking of the ancient spirit of English liberty. The passage from Dryden's *Essay of Dramatick Poesy* is spoken by Neander, the English partisan, in the debate upon the merits of the romantic and classic schools of drama. The final sentence, ''Nor do I believe,'' etc., burlesques Dennis's style; and the reference to ''the French stage'' is, of course, to the classic rule against violent action.

APPENDIX A

The Battle of the Poets

LATE in 1730 a new act was interpolated in *Tom Thumb*. This act was published separately with a title-page reading, *The Battle of the Poets, Or, The Contention for the Laurel. As it is introduced as an Intire New Act to the Comical Tragedy of Tom Thumb. Written by Scriblerus Tertius.* An entirely new set of characters appears in this act, but there are also directions for "the other characters as usual in Tom Thumb." This new material was evidently inserted immediately after Act II, Scene IX, since it opens with the concluding lines of the King's speech in that scene—

> This is the Wedding-Day
> Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb.

The Battle of the Poets is one of the many satires on the choice of a new laureate to succeed Eusden, who had died in September, 1730. The King opens the dialogue with the announcement of the approaching wedding of the Princess and the Hero, and calls for his laureate to write epithalamia. He is told that his laureate is dead, whereupon he orders a contest of all the poets of the realm, and decrees that the laurel shall be bestowed upon the author of the best epithalamium. Lord Grizzle announces that already "a numerous Tribe of Rhimesters" stands about the door,

> Thick as in fly-blown Mutton Maggots breed,
> Or Ravens hov'ring o'er an Horse defunct.

The various candidates are then introduced in succession, and their poems heard and criticised. The candidates are Sulky Bathos (John Dennis), Coment Profund (Lewis Theo-

bald), Fopling Fribble (Colley Cibber), Noctifer (James Ralph), and Flail (Stephen Duck).[1] The judges decide that Fopling Fribble has won the contest, and he is immediately inducted into office with elaborate ceremony. As he is crowned with the laurel he sings a song of triumph, in the midst of which he is interrupted by a messenger with news of the death of Tom Thumb. The Ghost then rises, the death of all the characters ensues, and the play comes to an end with a speech by Fribble on "cruel Death," in the style of an epilogue.

A foot-note in *The Contention for the Laurel,* a poem on the contest for the laureateship, refers to this new act as having been "introduced in Tom Thumb upon the *Scotchman's* Holy-Day." This possibly means St. Andrew's day, November 30. A publisher's announcement appears in *The Grub-street Journal* for December 17, 1730, in the column *Books and Pamphlets Published in December,* and in *The Monthly Chronicle* for December, 1730, it is advertised as being published in a collection called *The Bays Miscellany, Or Colley Triumphant,* which included also *The Petty Sessions of Poets* and *The Battle of the Poets, an Heroick Poem in two Cantos.* In the same number of *The Monthly Chronicle* appears a notice of *The Candidates for the Bays. A Poem. In which notice is taken of the Battle of the Poets, as Acted at the New Theatre in the Haymarket.* . . . Moreover, like the new act, this poem bears upon its title-page the pseudonym Scriblerus Tertius. This pseudonym is ascribed to Thomas Cooke, commonly known as "Hesiod" Cooke. There seems, however, to be no direct, definite evidence that he was connected with either of these pieces, or even that they were written by the same author. Cooke had written anonymously in 1725 a poem called *The Battle of the Poets,* attacking Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, and in 1729 under his own name another poem with the same title. It is probably this second

[1] The poets satirized under these names are revealed either by transparent references to some well-known characteristic or episode, or by slightly veiled allusions in foot-notes.

poem which is referred to in the advertisement of *The Bays Miscellany.* Possibly because this poem had the same name as the new act in *Tom Thumb,* and because both were bound in the same miscellany, Cooke was credited with both and with the pseudonym Scriblerus Tertius. But obviously the value of such evidence is slight.

Moreover, it is improbable that the same author wrote the new act and also *The Candidates for the Bays,* although both bear the same pseudonym. In *The Candidates for the Bays* there is a satiric passage on Fielding in which *The Battle of the Poets* is distinctly ascribed to him, and his work is derided as being "vamped on wretched heroick Bombast." The bitter tone of this criticism certainly leads to the conclusion that the two pieces were by different authors.

It is also improbable that Fielding was the author of *The Battle of the Poets.* The method employed in it is a compound of parody like that in *Tom Thumb* and the rough personal abuse which makes most of the satirical literature of the period so scurrilous. Its temper is mean and spiteful, and its tone much coarser than that of *Tom Thumb.* The author, whoever he may have been, reveals very little ability to write pointed and effective satire.

APPENDIX B

Adaptations

THE vogue of the ballad opera, which began in 1728 with Gay's *Beggar's Opera,* led in 1733 to the adaptation of *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* The new piece was called *The Opera of Operas* and was intended as a burlesque of the Italian opera.[1] The task of revision was undertaken by Mrs. Eliza Haywood, the notorious[2] writer of romances, and William

[1] Italian opera had an enormous following, but was hated and despised in literary circles, since it destroyed the market for legitimate drama, and thus hurt both actors and playwrights. The newspapers abound in references to the high salaries paid to opera singers, and the hack-writers of tragedy made the most of every occasion to vent their spleen against the opera. *The Grub-street Journal* for October 15, 1730, says, apropos of the opening of the opera season of 1730, "As this revival of *Italian Operas* is grateful to some of our members, who hope to have the translating of them, so it is disagreeable to those greater Genius's who write *English Operas* themselves." A benefit performance for Farinelli, one of the most prominent of the singers, is commented on as follows—". . . he had an audience at his Benefit larger than was ever seen in an *English* Theatre. . . . In the flourishing state of this Opera, 'tis no Wonder that other Theatres decline. Handel . . . has sometimes performed this Winter to an almost empty Pitt. . . . the Comick and the Tragick Muse have had but little better Fate." (See *The Old Whig, or, The Consistent Protestant,* March 20, 1735.) *Fog's Weekly Journal* seems to have been the particular champion of the neglected native genius. It says in a typical utterance in a number for May 8, 1736—"Last Sunday a fresh Cargo of Italian Singers arrived here, to perform in one of our Opera's. It is observable, that a Cargo of this Kind Inwards always contains a much greater Number of Persons than a cargo Outwards; which is generally attributed to their Pockets being well-crammed when exported; whereas upon Importation they are all empty."

[2] Horace Walpole referred to her as a later Mrs. Aphra Behn, and

Hatchett; and the music was composed by John Frederick Lampe,[1] a Saxon musician who wrote music for John Rich's entertainments and pantomimes at Lincoln's Inn Fields. There are extant two texts of *The Opera of Operas,* but the music has not been preserved.

The process of adaptation was comparatively simple. The greater part of Fielding's dialogue was preserved intact, except for minor changes in phrasing. A few new lines were inserted, however, and some of the scenes were curtailed, although care was always taken not to disturb the original action. The work of adaptation consisted chiefly in the introduction of "airs," usually developed from a passage of the original dialogue, but occasionally of entirely new material. One of the King's speeches,[2] for instance, is revamped into the air—

> Your Alexander's, Scipio's
> Inferior are to Tommy,
> While others brag of Mac's and O's,
> Let England boast of Thummy.
> A Title is an empty name
> Like many we have knighted;
> His merit bids us aid his fame,
> So Tom shall not be slighted.

On the other hand one finds a few songs like the following, which have no parallels in *The Tragedy of Tragedies.*

> But Blushes, those crimson Invaders,
> O strange! are now criminal thought;
> In Scandal and Censure the Traders,
> Bye and bye will call Bussing a Fault.

Pope made her the heroine of one of the most revolting passages in *The Dunciad* (II, 157 ff.).

1 See *Dictionary of National Biography.* It is possible that Lampe wrote the music only for the second or Drury Lane production. (See below.)

2 See Act I, Scene III.

An innocent Blush in us Lasses
Is Virtue but at second-hand;
If we blush, we are told by these Asses,
It is because we understand.

At the end of the opera, however, Mrs. Haywood and Hatchett tacked on four pages of "happy ending." After the death of all the characters in the play, two new characters enter, Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely. Sir Crit deplores the tragic ending, saying, "I would be glad to know who ever saw an *Italian* Opera end tragically." His companion assures him that the catastrophe has not yet occurred, but is even now at hand. Hereupon Merlin enters, and to the accompaniment of solemn music calls up the Red Cow. He waves his wand and commands—

Now by emetick Power, Red Cannibal
Cast up thy Pris'ner, England's Hannibal.

Tom Thumb is at once "cast up," all the other characters are brought to life with a touch of the wand, and the opera proceeds easily to a prosperous conclusion. This final scene is obviously an imitation of the ending of *The Beggar's Opera,* which also burlesques the happy endings of the Italian operas.

The two editions of *The Opera of Operas* are both dated 1733. One was published by Roberts, the original publisher of *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* and the other by one "William Rayner, Prisoner in the King's-Bench." The latter is undoubtedly the earlier. It has on its title-page a statement of production at the Haymarket, while the other edition claims performance at Drury Lane. According to Genest the play was produced at the Haymarket on May 31, and at Drury Lane, where it was acted only once, on November 9.

The variants between the two editions are so extensive that the second might almost be called a new version. They include numerous changes in spelling and punctuation, the deletion of certain passages and the addition of others, and con-

siderable rephrasing. Following are the most important variants—

The Roberts edition omits a facetious *Argument* of three and one quarter pages which had appeared in the first text.

The Rayner edition omits from the list of characters Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely, and also fails to give the names of the actors. In both these points the Roberts edition is complete.

The name of the composer, Lampe, is given only on the title-page of the Roberts edition.

In the body of the play the most important changes are in the songs. Some of the original songs are recast in the second edition, but others are dropped entirely and new ones added.

According to Genest *The Opera of Operas* came out at the Haymarket May 31, 1733—"when it was acted 11 times at least." A record of one performance appears in *The Grub-street Journal,* June 14, 1733—under the caption of *Articles of great importance*—"Last night, his royal highness the prince, with a vast concourse of nobility, &c. saw the Opera of Operas, or Tom Thumb the great, set to musick after the Italian manner." Later performances are uncertain; it is possible that some of the performances listed by Genest as *Tom Thumb* may have been of *The Opera of Operas.* In 1775, however, it was revived. It is included in the Drury Lane bill for May 13, and is referred to as "a burlesque Opera, not acted 25 years, called Tom Thumb." It was also produced September 8 at Liverpool, as an after-piece to *The Winter's Tale.*

The changes made in *The Opera of Operas* are distinctly not improvements on Fielding. Whatever wit and spirit it has came from *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* The songs are mediocre, if not worse, and in them much of the dash of the original lines is lost. The final scenes, with which Fielding had nothing to do, are conventional and pointless. Altogether

the adaptation gives the impression of being, as it probably was, perfunctory hack-work.

In 1780 there appeared a second adaptation called *Tom Thumb, A Burletta,* by Kane O'Hara,[1] a prolific writer of musical entertainments. This piece is much more successful than *The Opera of Operas*; it has none of the earmarks of hack-work, and is brighter and more vivacious. Moreover, unlike the earlier adaptation, which follows Fielding closely, O'Hara's burletta makes free with the original material. In some passages Fielding's lines are retained without much alteration; but the action is skilfully compressed, with a resulting division into two acts instead of three, and a great deal of the dialogue is thrown into songs, always in a quick, brisk metre. O'Hara made use of both *The Tragedy of Tragedies* and *The Opera of Operas.* Since *The Opera of Operas* followed the original play closely, O'Hara might have taken from it most of his material, but as a matter of fact his work includes occasional passages which Mrs. Haywood had not taken over into *The Opera of Operas,* and which indicate some use at any rate of Fielding's original. On the other hand he also rewrote some of those songs in *The Opera of Operas* which had no parallels in *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* and made use of the happy ending. The discussion between Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely, however, he omitted, resurrecting the characters at once, and closing the burletta quickly with a chorus imitated from the final chorus of *The Opera of Operas.* The extensive alterations made by O'Hara changed absolutely the effect of the burlesque. In *The Tragedy of Tragedies* the characters move with all the gravity and affected solemnity of the tragic figures which they caricature, but in O'Hara's *Tom Thumb* the spirit is brisk and lively—the characters jig about like the marionettes in a Punch and Judy show. A tendency in this direction is noticeable in *The Opera of Operas,* but there the authors kept so closely to Fielding's lines that it is not very apparent. What-

[1] See *Dictionary of National Biography.* His best-known pieces were *Midas* (1759) and *The Two Misers* (1775). He died in Dublin in 1782.

ever success *The Opera of Operas* enjoyed must have been due chiefly to the quality of the original material and to the music, but in the great success of the second adaptation O'Hara had without doubt an important part, for its pervading spirit is new, and clearly originates in his revision.

Tom Thumb, A Burletta, was first produced at Covent Garden on October 3, 1780. In the Covent Garden bill in *The Public Advertiser,* October 2, is the announcement "Tomorrow—a new Burletta (never performed) called Tom Thumb"; and in the next day's issue, "Philaster . . . . . To which will be added a new Burletta in two Acts . . . Taken from Fielding, and prepared for the Stage by the Author of Midas." The bills in the following issues show that it was acted ten times within a month. Several comments indicate the success of the new burletta. *The Public Advertiser* for October 4 says, "The new Burletta, called Tom Thumb, which was performed Yesterday Evening, for the first Time, was also attended with the highest Applause, and seemed to give universal Satisfaction; it will be presented again this Evening." In the issue of October 19 it is stated that "Due notice will be given of the next Performance of the new Burletta called Tom Thumb." *The Whitehall Evening Post,* October 5, contains a long and interesting review of the new piece: "Mr. O'Hara has considerably altered, but we do not think he has much improved the original upon the whole. The musical part certainly is an addition. . . . Fielding's burlesque humour is so much our favourite, that we cannot but own ourselves greatly prejudiced in its behalf, let it be brought forward as it may—we therefore were highly pleased with the new burletta, but wish it were shorter." At this point the reviewer develops the idea that violent burlesque becomes tedious if it is long continued. Then, after praising the performers, music, and setting, he goes on, "This piece was, we understand, some years since performed in Dublin in its present form, under the inspection of Mr. O'Hara with great success; it bids fair, as we have already said, to be equally sucessful on the Covent-

Garden stage; the audience gave a striking proof of their entering into the spirit of the humour, by encoring the dying speech of Grizzle.'' The criticism in regard to length was evidently heeded, for in the issue of October 7 the reviewer remarks, ''The burletta of Tom Thumb was much improved, last night, in consequence of the omission of one of the scenes, and the changing of Glumdalca's first song from a slow, serious air, to a brisk Irish tune.'' In the issue of October 12, ''the new Actress, Mrs. Inchbald, and the new Farce, Tom Thumb'' are selected for especial payment of respects at the opening of the new season. It is interesting to note that in none of these comments is O'Hara's use of *The Opera of Operas* mentioned.

The burletta was produced frequently until at least 1830, the end of Genest's record. In some instances no performances are noted for as long a time as three years, but the general record and contemporary comment indicate its wide popularity. Most of the performances before 1800 seem to have been at Covent Garden, but in 1805 it had a summer run of at least twenty-one nights at the Haymarket. It was apparently given always as an after-piece, and was combined with tragedy, comedy, ballad opera, and other farces or musical entertainments. The last performances noted were given by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club on December 15, 1854, and January 5, 1855.[1] The play is billed as *The Grand Opera of Tom Thumb,* but may be identified as O'Hara's adaptation by the appearance in the *Dramatis Personae* of the names Frizalette and Plumante, which O'Hara had substituted for Fielding's Cleora and Mustacha. In this production the songs were set to music by a Mr. Heywood who played

[1] See public records of the Hasty Pudding Club. For an interesting detailed account of these performances, by the man who played Huncamunca, see Hosmer, *The Last Leaf,* pp. 257 ff.: ''The grand event in the 'Pudding' of our time was the performance of Fielding's extravaganza of Tom Thumb. . . . The piece was so much of a success that we performed it again at the house of Theodore Lyman in Brookline,—and still again, at Chickering Hall in Boston.''

King Arthur. It is also interesting to note that Phillips Brooks was cast for the part of Glumdalca.

The songs of the burletta were published in 1781, but the piece itself does not seem to have been published in full until 1805, when it appeared in pamphlet form with the title-page —*Tom Thumb, A Burletta, As now Performed at the Theatres Royal, Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden and Hay-Market. Altered from Henry Fielding, Esq., by Mr. O'Hara . . .* In the same year it was published by John Cawthorn in a volume with *The Tragedy of Tragedies.* Cawthorn's title-page states that his text was "regulated from the Prompt-Book, By Permission of the Managers." After 1805 it was reprinted frequently in collections of plays. Two especially interesting texts are one dated New York, 1824, in which was reproduced the *Dramatis Personae* of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* (wrongly dated 1730), and one in *Cumberland's British Theatre,* to which are prefixed several amusing anecdotes of particular performances. In most of these texts several of the songs are cut; it would seem from comparison with a copy of *Songs, Airs, and Duets, In the Burletta of Tom Thumb* (1794) that the first edition mentioned (1805), which lacks only one short song in the first act, was the most nearly complete.

The comments of Genest and of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Sir Walter Scott bear witness to the popularity of O'Hara's burletta, which evidently was largely due, in the early eighteenth century at any rate, to Liston's impersonation of Grizzle. Genest tells of hearing Liston recite a new epilogue to *She Stoops to Conquer,* "riding on an Ass, and in the Character of Lord Grizzle." He also relates a ridiculous story about Liston as Grizzle, and records a notice concerning the appearance of Mrs. Liston "in her celebrated character of Queen Dollalolla."[1] In Liston's praise Lamb and Hazlitt

[1] "Liston at first objected to playing Grizzle, and said he had determined never to play that part out of London—his reason was this—one night when he acted Grizzle in some provincial theatre, T. P. Cooke, who was Glumdalca, had fastened a large bladder to himself behind—when he died there was a loud explosion, and consequently incessant

are notably enthusiastic. In his essay on *The New Style of Acting,* published in *The Examiner,* July 18, 1813, Lamb mentions with delight Liston's acting of Grizzle. He says, "For a piece of pure drollery, Liston's Lord Grizzle has no competitor. Comedy it is not, nor farce. It is neither nature, nor exaggerated nature. It is a creation of the actor's. Grizzle seems a being of another world . . . . . It is an abstract idea of court qualities—an apotheosis of apathy. Ben Jonson's abstractions of courtiers in his *Cynthia's Revels* and *Every Man Out of his Humour*—what a treat it would be to see them done on the stage in the same manner." Hazlitt too, in *The Comic Writers of the Last Century,* goes into a long and detailed rhapsody over Liston's Grizzle—"His Lord Grizzle is prodigious. What a name, and what a person! It had been said of this ingenious actor, that, 'he is very great in Liston'; but he is even greater in Lord Grizzle. What a wig is that he wears! How flightly, flaunting, and fanatical! . . . . . What a significant vacancy in his open eyes and mouth! what a listlessness in his limbs!" W. E. Henley makes Sir Walter Scott another witness to "the magnificence" of Liston's Grizzle. He says, "Liston was magnificent as Lord Grizzle; and 'James,' said Walter Scott to the elder Ballantyne, on a day in the Year of Grace, 1814—'James,' he said, 'I'll tell you what Byron should say to me, when we are about to accost each other:'—'Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?' And then how germane would be my answer:—'Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the Small?' The quotations are not so much from Fielding as from Kane O'Hara. But certain men of admirable Genius

peals of laughter—this disconcerted Liston, who of course could do nothing more with his part." The same bill to which this anecdote is appended contains the following announcement—"Mrs. Liston (whom the London newspapers *killed* upon Saturday last) will have the honor of appearing before the Bath public (*not as a Ghost*), but in her celebrated character of Queen Dollalolla, when she hopes to convince her audience that she is as much alive as ever." There is a print in colors "drawn and etched expressly for the British Stage—June, 1817" of Mrs. Liston as Dollalolla.

—Fielding, Byron, Scott—take hands in them, and I give them for all that means.''[1]

There is extant a short satire on contemporary Irish politics entitled *Tom Thumb. A New Opera, To be performed at the Theatre of Politics, County Court-House, Limerick. January, 1830.* It has also as a sub-title *The Comedy of Comedies.* It consists of a few passages of dialogue, interlarded with lengthy stage directions full of topical allusions, and its only connection with *The Tragedy of Tragedies* is in the names of the characters, who are Arthur, Tom Thumb, Lord Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle, and the Red Cow. This piece could hardly have been intended for acting, although it is declared that it will be performed ''on the first day of the Election.'' It is of such slight importance that it would certainly not be classed with *The Opera of Operas* and O'Hara's burletta as an adaptation which helped to keep Fielding's work alive. The two latter served to maintain interest in *Tom Thumb* when otherwise it would have been forgotten as an acting play. O'Hara's *Tom Thumb* especially may be said to have adapted *The Tragedy of Tragedies* to the theatrical taste of a later generation, and to have prolonged its life upon the stage for more than half a century.

[1] See Henley edition of Fielding, XVI, p. xxiv, and also Lockhart, III, p. 23.

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The text of 1762 is based on the fourth edition of the play, 1751. All later texts, including those in collected editions of Fielding's works, and in various collections of plays are, as far as has been noted, derived directly or indirectly from this text of 1762. There is one slight exception, however, in the third edition of Fielding's works, 1766, in which the text shows several variants or corrections taken from the third edition of the play, 1737.

3. In miscellaneous collections.

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Cawthorn's Minor Theatre. 1806.

Burlesque Plays and Poems. Ed. Henry Morley. London and New York, 1885.

Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan. Ed. F. Tupper and J. W. Tupper. New York, 1914. — Here the Preface is omitted, but the foot-notes are included. The text is preceded by a brief but pointed discussion of the play, including a comparison with *The Rehearsal* and *The Critic,* and a short analysis of the burlesque of heroic drama; and there is some annotation. There are a few inaccuracies in detail, the most noticeable being the dating of O'Hara's *Tom Thumb* 1830 instead of 1780, and the explanation of Bantam, in Act II, Scene X.

II. ADDITIONS TO, AND ADAPTATIONS OF, THE TEXT

Anonymous [Thomas Cooke?].

The Battle of the Poets; Or, The Contention for the Laurel. As it is now Acting At the New Theatre in the Hay-Market; introduced as an intire New Act to the Comical Tragedy of Tom Thumb. Written by Scriblerus Tertius. 1731.

Another Edition. Dublin, 1731.

Anonymous.

Tom Thumb, A New Opera. To be Performed at the Theatre of Politics, County Court-House, Limerick, January, 1830.

Haywood, Eliza, and Hatchett, William.

The Opera of Operas; Or, Tom Thumb the Great. Alter'd From the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great. And

Set to Musick after the Italian Manner. As it is Performing at the New Theatre in the Hay-Market. Printed for William Rayner. 1733.

Another Edition. Set to Musick after the Italian Manner. By Mr. Lampe. As it is Perform'd By His Majesty's Company of Comedians At The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts. 1733.

O'Hara, Kane.

Airs, Duets, &c. in the comic opera of Tom Thumb, *etc.* By K. O'H. 1781.

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The Rival Queens and *Timoleon* are the only plays in this list not mentioned in Fielding's foot-notes. The texts mentioned are the ones used for reference in this work, and are in nearly all instances first editions.

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Cato. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, By Her Majesty's Servants. 1713.

Banks, John.

The Albion Queens: Or, The Death of Mary, Queen of Scotland. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, By His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr. Banks. Dublin, 1732. (*A later version of* The Island Queens.)

Cyrus the Great: Or, The Tragedy of Love. As it is Acted at the Theatre in Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, By His Majesty's Servants. Written by John Banks. 1696.

The Island Queens: Or, The Death of Mary, Queen of Scotland. A Tragedy. Publish'd only in Defence of the Author and the Play, against some mistaken Censures, occasion'd by its being prohibited the Stage. By Jo. Banks. 1684.

The Unhappy Favourite: Or The Earl of Essex. A Tragedy. Acted at the Theatre Royal, By Their Majesties Servants. Written by John Bankes. 1682.

Vertue Betray'd. Or, Anna Bullen. A Tragedy. Acted at His Royal Highness the Duke's Theatre. Written by John Banks. 1682.

Dennis, John.

Liberty Asserted. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the New Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Written by Mr. Dennis. 1704.

Dryden, John.

All for Love: Or, The World well Lost. A Tragedy, As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal; And written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Stile. By John Dryden, Servant to His Majesty. 1678.

Aureng-Zebe: A Tragedy. Acted at the Royal Theatre. Written by John Dryden, Servant to His Majesty. 1676.

Cleomenes, The Spartan Heroe. A Tragedy, As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Dryden. To which is prefixt The Life of Cleomenes. 1692.

The Conquest of Granada By The Spaniards. In Two Parts. Acted at the Theater-Royall. Written by John Dryden, Servant to His Majesty. 1672. (*And in same volume with continuous paging*)—Almanzor and Almahide, Or, The Conquest of Granada. The Second Part. As it is Acted at the Theater-Royall. Written by John Dryden, Servant to His Majesty. 1672.

Don Sebastian, King of Portugal: A Tragedy Acted at the Theatre Royal. Writen by Mr. Dryden. 1692. [The Second Edition.]

The Indian Emperor, Or, The Conquest of Mexico By The Spaniards. Being the Sequel of the Indian Queen. By John Dryden, Esq. The Third Edition. 1670.

Love Triumphant; Or, Nature will Prevail. A Tragi-Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, By Their Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. Dryden. 1694.

King Arthur: Or, The British Worthy. A Dramatick Opera. Perform'd at the Queen's Theatre by Their Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. Dryden. 1691.

The Rival Ladies. A Tragi-Comedy. As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Written by John Driden Esquire. 1669.

The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man: An Opera. Written in Heroique Verse, And Dedicated to Her Royal Highness, The Dutchess. By John Dryden. Servant to His Majesty. 1677. [Second Edition?]

Dryden, John, and Lee, Nathaniel.

The Duke of Guise; A Tragedy. Acted by Their Majesties' Servants. Written by Mr. Dryden and Mr. Lee. 1683.

Oedipus: A Tragedy. As it is Acted at His Royal Highness the Duke's Theatre. The Authors Mr. Dryden, and Mr. Lee. 1679.

ECCLESTONE, EDWARD.

Noah's Flood: Or, The History Of The General Deluge. An Opera. Being the Sequel to Mr. Dryden's Fall of Man. 1714. (*First Edition, 1679.*)

GAY, JOHN.

The Captives. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, By His Majesty's Servants. 1724.

FENTON, ELIJAH.

Mariamne. A Tragedy. Acted at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Written by Mr. Fenton. 1723.

FLETCHER, JOHN.

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HOPKINS, CHARLES.

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LEE, NATHANIEL.

Caesar Borgia; Son of Pope Alexander The Sixth: A Tragedy Acted at the Duke's Theatre by Their Royal Highnesses Servants. Written by Nat. Lee. 1680.

Gloriana, Or, The Court of Augustus Caesar. Acted at

the Theatre Royal, By Their Majesties Servants. By Nat. Lee. 1676.

Lucius Junius Brutus; Father of his Country. A Tragedy. Acted at the Duke's Theatre, by their Royal Highnesses Servants. Written by Nat. Lee. 1681.

Mithridates King of Pontus, A Tragedy: Acted at the Theatre Royal, By Their Majesties Servants. Written by Nat. Lee. 1693. [The Second Edition.]

The Rival Queens, Or The Death of Alexander the Great. Acted at the Theater-Royal. By Their Majesties Servants. By Nat. Lee, Gent. 1677.

Sophonisba: Or, Hannibal's Overthrow. A Tragedy. Acted at the Theatre-Royal, By their Majesties Servants. Written by Nathaniel Lee, Gent. 1681.

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MALLET, DAVID.

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MARTYN, BENJAMIN.

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OTWAY, THOMAS.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Duke's Theatre. Written by Tho. Otway. The Third Edition Corrected. 1686.

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ROWE, NICHOLAS.

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